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As a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

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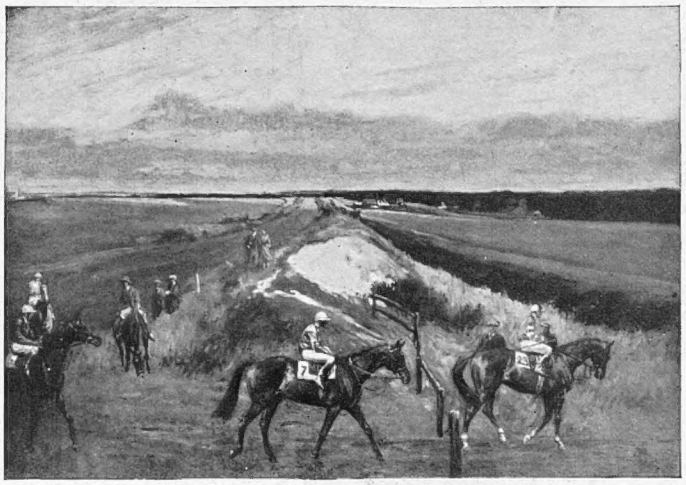

THE DITCH, NEWMARKET.

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LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.,

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The Bystander, April 12, 1933

No. 1530. Vol. CXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

Bassano

THE HON. PAMELA MITFORD

A new portrait of Lord and Lady Redesdale's second daughter—a very good-looking member of a good-looking family. The Hon. Pamela Mitford has five sisters, of whom the eldest, the Hon. Nancy Mitford, is now well-known as a novelist, and the Hon. Mrs. Bryan Guinness is another. Her brother was called to the Bar last year

A Cuban Craze

Mariana Dances the Rumba

Mariana is a lovely Cuban who has been showing London how the Rumba can be danced when an expert does it. It is not ball-room dancing, not by a long way—in fact, she dances the Cuban Rumba. She appeared first at the Leicester Square Theatre and Ciro's, and went to the Café de Paris last week

The savage repetitive rhythm of the drumming which accompanied the Rumba as it was originally danced by the natives of South America plays on the nerves like a drug. Chiquito, the drummer, who went to the Café de Paris with Mariana, demonstrates this, as well as the Cuban variety—milder but still "hot"—and the almost civilised dance as we know it

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

"So you are going to Le Touquet?" One meets that phrase everywhere. At the cocktail parties of Madame de Peña and "Eddie" Tatham; at the wedding of Ralph Cobbold; at the Ritz; at Quaglino's. Everyone is talking about it. John Circuitt, who is doing the booking of one of the chief hotels there, is going round with a broad smile on his face, and the Imperial Airways are so booked up that the West End manager will have to go over by boat to-morrow. There is not a seat left in any of the aeroplanes.

MEANTIME, I have been looking up the events of the Season and the dates on which they occur. The Opera begins on May 1st and goes on until June 9th, among the conductors being Sir Thomas Beecham, Signor Votto, Professor Heger, and John Barbirolli. The operas include the *Nibelungs*, *Tristan*, *Parsifal*, *Don Carlos*, *Aïda*, *La Bohème*, and *The Barber of Seville*.

THE Two Thousand Guineas is on April 26th, and the Derby, for which I have been told to back Lochiel and Manitoba, on May 31st. Ascot is from June 13th to June 16th, and people will soon be having to send in their applications to the Lord Chamberlain. The Polo Season in London opens on May 13th with the first ties of the Whitney Cup. Wimbledon begins on June 26th and goes on until July 8th. The Ryder Cup matches will be played on June 26th and June 27th.

TO turn to the purely social side of the Season, there is the Débutantes' Ball at Grosvenor House on May 2nd and the Circus Ball at the same hotel ten days later. The

Lenare

Above: Lady Serena James and her two daughters, Ursula and Fay. Lady Serena James is the wife of the Hon. Robert James, brother of Lord Northbourne, and is the Earl of Scarborough's daughter

Left: Lady Astor and Miss E. M. Bramwell were two of the competitors in the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Tournament, played at Roehampton last week

Left: Lady Carisbrooke and Lady Belper at Ranelagh for the Ladies' Parliamentary Golf Meeting. Lady Lymington, who has only played for three months, returned 60 net as her score

"If the Cap Fits . . ."

Mrs. Pearce and the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell had different ideas about knitted caps, but both ideas were good, at the Melton Hunt Steeplechases at Burton Lazard

first four Courts will be held on May 11th, 12th, 17th, and 18th. The fifth will take place on June 23rd. The Command Variety Performance will be at the Palladium on May 22nd, and on the following night the Duke and Duchess of York will attend the Dreadnought Ball at the Dorchester. On June 8th is the Queen Charlotte Birthday Ball, when over a hundred debs and ex-debs appear in mid-season glory. Four days later comes the Theatrical Garden Party, and on June 20th the King of Irak will arrive.

SEEN around:—Lady Buchanan-Jardine off to Scotland for a month; the Duchess of Westminster back from the South of France; Edward Knoblock at Jeanne de Casalis's party; Elinor Glyn also there; Sir Neville Pearson talking golf; Mrs. Peter Thursby at the Trocadero; "Bunny" Bannerman avoiding reporters; Mr. Prinsep in Paris; Lady Gort at Cowes; Furst von Furstenburg with Miss Marjorie Glasgow, and Jessie Matthews with Sonny Hale at the "Ideal Home" Exhibition.

WHICH reminds me. You ought all to go to Olympia

Moving Round the West Indies

The Duke of Sutherland has been out West for the last month or two, and Nassau, in the Bahamas, was one of his ports of call. Here he is talking to Capt. the Hon. Bede Clifford (right), Governor of the Bahamas, and Mrs. Bede Clifford

Bertram Park

Miss Johanna Curzon

One of the 1933 débutantes who will be presented at Court this summer is Miss Johanna Curzon, the only daughter of the late Major Francis Curzon, of Lockington Hall, Leicestershire, and Mrs. Curzon. She is a hunting enthusiast, and has been out regularly with the Quorn

No doubt the ex-King of Spain will visit London as well as the Queen of Norway. They always do. It is sad to think that ex-King Manoel will no longer be seen at the Opera. He leaves a distinct gap.

PERHAPS I should have added in my list of dates and events the Richmond Royal Horse Show on June 8th to 10th, and the Royal Tournament from May 25th to June 10th. As usual, the Aldershot, Tattoo will take place between June 13th and 17th, during Ascot. That newcomer, the Naval Night Pageant, will follow for a week, at Greenwich, thus overlapping with Commemoration Week at Oxford. The Royal Air Force Pageant is scheduled for June 24th; the Chelsea Flower Show from May 24th to 26th; and the opening of the Royal Academy on the same day as the opening of the Opera Season at Covent Garden—on May 1st.

Bassano

Another to whom horses are important is Miss Nancy Malcolmson, who is a very good rider. She is the daughter of Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Vernon Malcolmson, and a niece of Lord Belper

Miss Georgie Henschel, Lord an Brittain at the Boat Race Eve Ba Students' Unions. Lady Aberdar

Sunshine in the Bahamas

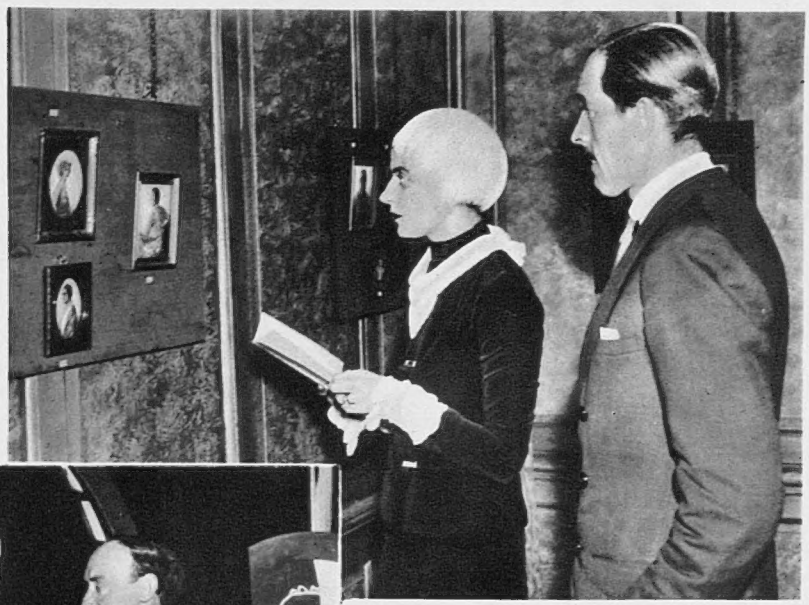
The Duchess of Northumberland and her two daughters, Lady Elizabeth Percy and Lady Diana Percy, have been on one of the cruises to the West Indies, too, and were at Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, when this photograph was taken

to see the "ideal" dinner parties with the "ideal" guests arranged by people we all know. Imagine the jabbering which would go on at dinner party number two. Lady Pamela Smith, who is not exactly taciturn herself, thinks that the ideal guests are Mr. Randolph Churchill and Mr. Beverley Nichols, backed up by Lord Birkenhead, "Babe" Barnato, John Gielgud, Sir Malcolm Campbell, and Flight-Lieutenant Stainforth. These two last would not get in a word edgeways.

I CANNOT go through all six parties, though far and away the most attractive-looking dining-room is that of Lady Portarlington, whose guests are Lord Portarlington, Noel Coward, Gertrude Lawrence, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Massey.

AFTER cocktails came sherry, and now hosts and hostesses are competing with each other in offering punch, madeira, and even malmsey as a pre-dinner drink. "Eddie" Tatham gave a malmsey and madeira party at the Monseigneur last week, and the place was crowded. Waiters bore down on you from all quarters, and Lady Plunket was almost bowled over completely by a gossip-writer. Her husband was fishing, as he does every Tuesday, and so was not present.

MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY and Lady Seafield remained true to their tradition of hatlessness. Lord Poulett and his sister were in evening dress. Bobby Howes explained how different he was physically from Charles Hawtrey, who played the original part in *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure*, which is now disguised as *He Wanted Adventure*. Miss Courtneidge spoke of her time at St. Moritz while making her latest film. Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor's "sugar-candy" hair was universally admired.

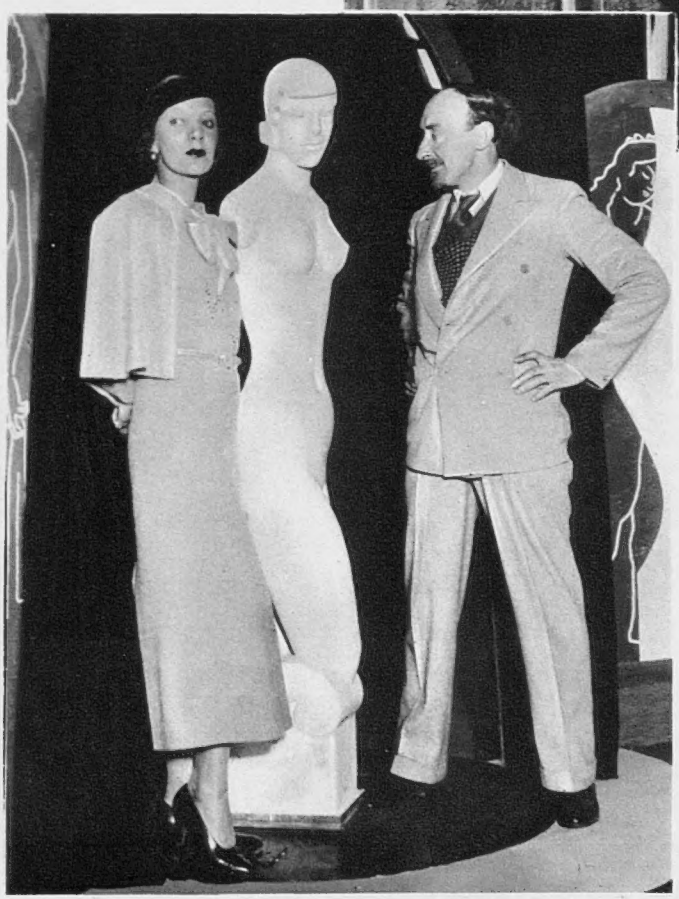


Capt. the Hon. and Mrs. James Rodney at the exhibition of miniatures by Herr Rudolf Sternard, the celebrated miniature painter, at the Cooling Galleries. Lady Snowden opened the exhibition last week

MR. BILLY GARDNER admitted to having an eighteen-year-old daughter now staying in London. Lady Phyllis Allen carried a Peke. Lord Brecknock looked at life with Captain Tattersall. Mrs. Ian Campbell also gazed at the restless throng. Miss Sonia Converse wore the oddest clothes. Mrs. Brand was in evening dress. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sweeny were absent—they had not yet returned from their honeymoon.

THE KING has certainly started the season well with the victories of Limelight and Fox-Earth. The latter's win at Newmarket was gained in bright sunshine, and it was pleasant, too, to see the victory of Merenda, whose dam, that brilliant sprinter Tiffin, died after foaling her. The day was also memorable for the return of Harry Wragg, who has been out of the running since he broke his leg at Newcastle last year. Meantime, a happy Easter to all of you.

Lady Aberdare, and Sir Harry held at Claridge's in aid of two received the guests at the Ball



Miss Gertrude Lawrence and Mr. Dobson with the "perfect woman" created by Mr. Dobson for an exhibition held at Selfridge's last week, at which Miss Gertrude Lawrence presided

A Racing Reverie

In Praise of French Courses

By "Regular"

My thanks are due to the powers that be who arrange the racing programme. After three hectic days and three equally boisterous evenings at Liverpool, they ordained that we should spend four quiet days at Warwick and Leicester, as a sedative to our overstrung nerves and overtaxed livers.

Admirable places for convalescence as are Warwick and Leicester, I thought Paris might prove even more efficacious, and so I spent three peaceful days, in glorious weather, amid sylvan surroundings at St. Cloud, Le Tremblay, and, last, but not least, Auteuil, the nicest jumping meeting in the world, from a spectator's point of view.

All right, one at a time! "British to the Core," "Union Jack," "Senior Service," and "Pukka Sahib" will all clamour to have me put in the Tower—"Damned young upstart—daring to suggest the 'Frenchies' have got something better than we have. I'll bet he's in the pay of the 'Frogs.'"

A Suffolk Point-to-Point: Two Ove

Extreme left: Capt. the Hon. Henry and the Hon. Mrs. Broughton at Newbury on the day the King saw his four-year-old, Limelight, win the Spring Cup

Left: another photograph taken at the Newbury Spring Meeting, which all the regulars attended in force: Sir Tresham Lever and Miss Parker

Miss Joan Henry and Miss Diana Henry, neatly dressed alike, at Newbury on the dull and showery first day of the meeting

Mrs. "Brose" Clark, hiding from the camera, is with Lady Ravensdale and Count de Pret-Roose at Melton Hunt Steeplechases

I'm very sorry if my remarks have produced an epidemic of apoplexy in Clubland, but there it is, and I found a number of my fellow-countrymen and country-women who had over-ridden their religious scruples about backing losers on a Sunday.

The first person I met was an American, but, nevertheless, a pillar of night life in London—Mr. George Ryan, who endeavoured to make my hair stand on end with his stories of animal life in Africa. Far greater effect did he have, though, when he casually let drop the remark that Sir Robert Throckmorton had become a captain of industry in Birmingham.

This bit of news fairly shook the Ritz Bar to its foundations when recounted there later in the day. That well-known haunt of the thirsty rich has had its fair share of shocks just lately, as Frank and his fellow "white coats" had sold the Kellsboro' Jack ticket to one of their clients, which may explain why I was charged eight francs for a plain orange juice.

To return to the races, the British Merchant Service was very adequately represented by Stewardesses Stephenson and Child. Both looked exquisite, and at last I've realised why sailors don't care. I wouldn't, either, if I was travelling on that boat.

Bunting informed me, rather nautically, that they'd "put in" at Dunkirk for a day or two, but were off the following day. She was somewhat reticent as to her duties, but was emphatic that they entailed no "basin balancing."

David and Lady Anne Rhys arrived very late and very in love, which was quite as it should be. Losers seem like winners when you're on your honeymoon—at any rate, at the beginning of it.

and One Down

Above: four of the field at a jump in the Colchester Garrison Race at Thurlow, Suffolk, where the Newmarket and Thurlow Hunt Point-to-Point was held

I ALSO saw the John Masons, looking just as happy at the end of their honeymoon as they had at the beginning of it, as I was quite certain they would, though it is not always the case.

FOR those who think that because I like Auteuil I 'm unpatriotic, I 'll back Lady Anne Rhys, Mrs. Mason, Miss Stephenson, and Miss Child (half English) against anything the French can produce at Longchamps all the season.

THE racing was chiefly distinguished for the lack of animation displayed by one M. Bertal in riding a finish on a horse called Le Balancier. The last-named was the gilt-edged good thing of the day, and was winning, like all 6-to-4-on chances should. Fifty yards from the winning-post, M. Bertal thought it was time to pull up, with the result that something which had been under the whip for about a mile came and pipped him a head.

THEN the fun began. Like one man, the crowd approached the weighing-room and waited for M. Bertal. I have been to Billingsgate, and once, years ago, I incurred the displeasure of my Commanding Officer. This, though, was something entirely new. I couldn't even tell my male readers in the privacy of the bathroom, what they called him, as they called him every word they knew—except M. Bertal.

I can think of no pleasanter way of spending a spring or summer's afternoon than at St. Cloud or Le Tremblay. For comfort, and from the point of view of seeing a race, they have got all our courses well beaten, while the paddock at Le Tremblay, with its beautifully laid-out flower-beds, is the most attractive of its kind I have ever seen.

BY giving Leicester a miss, I missed witnessing the success of Blackmail, belonging to Mrs. Clayton, the doyen of the "Regulasses," and the most enthusiastic lady racegoer in the country. Mrs. Clayton knows the game from A to Z, and is not above proffering a word of advice to those less well informed. Blackmail was ridden by Steve, who had a marvellous week, this being his fifth success.

THE Newbury Meeting will always be remembered for two reasons. Firstly, because of Limelight's victory in the most popular colours in the world; and secondly, for the fact that the shortest-priced winner on the first day was 100 to 6. If the latter isn't a record, it jolly well ought to be, and with that I intend to dismiss the first day at Newbury, and TRY to forget it.

THE memory of Limelight's victory on the second day, though, will ever remain one of the pleasantest. A victory in the Royal colours is always followed by an enthusiastic outburst.

POMPOUS old gentlemen and stately old ladies joined in the wild burst of enthusiasm. It was magnificent, and I wouldn't have missed it for anything. It is wonderful to see the King with a horse worthy of his famous colours, and Limelight is not far off the best four-year-old in training.

JOE CHILDS's share in the great victory must not be forgotten. He rode a superb waiting race, as only he can, and Willie Jarvis deserves every credit in getting the most popular horse in training back to form after his serious breakdown last year.

A Forced Landing

Miss P. Harrison's head and the earth made contact first when she fell at a jump in the Local Hunts' Class, in the Belvoir, Cottesmore and Quorn Hunter Trials, held last week at Melton

Mrs. Peter Horlick and her sister, Miss Pamela Nicholl, "sitting out" together between races on the first day of the Newbury Spring Meeting

Newbury again, and checks again: Miss Foster, Lady Grenfell and Miss Mary Windsor Lewis hold a brief shooting-stick committee meeting in the paddock

Mostly in London

Some Events of the Week

Viscount Tarbat and his bride, who comes from Kentucky, arrived in Scotland last week, after their wedding in America. Lord Tarbat's mother, the Countess of Cromartie, met them at Tarbat House, Ross-shire, where they are going to live

Above : Mr. Garrison, Miss Emerson, Mr. "Eddie" Tatham, and Mr. Longmaid at Mr. Tatham's madeira and malmsey party at the Monseigneur. More pictures of this party appear next week

Right : Mr. and Mrs. Eric Martin Smith and their baby daughter, Diana Charme, who was christened at St. Giles', Codicote, Herts. Mr. Eric Martin Smith was the 1931 amateur golf champion

Mr. Robert Beloe, son of the late Rev. R. D. Beloe, Headmaster of Bradfield College, and Mrs. Beloe, and Miss Amy Rose, daughter of the late Sir Frank Rose and Lady Rose, of Hardwick, Whitchurch, after their wedding at St. Margaret's, Mapledurham. Sir Charles Rose gave his sister away

Leaving St. Saviour's, Walton Street, after their morning wedding : Mr. J. W. Robertson and Miss Helen Milne Home, of Wedderburn, the daughter and heiress of the late Colonel David Milne Home, of Wedderburn

Mr. Charles Lionel Kayser, who is the younger son of Lieut.-Colonel Kayser and Mrs. R. H. Behrend, and Miss Rosemary Hall-Walker have just announced their engagement

Sasha

A Boat-Race night echo: Major F. Cruden (centre) and his party at the Monseigneur, which included his son, Mr. Ian Cruden, Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon Hardcastle, Miss Rennie, and Miss Daphne French

Swaebe

Mrs. Victor Emanuel, whose husband is the popular Master of the Woodland Pytchley, is with Lord Michelham; they are this week's supper-time selection from among the Café de Paris regulars

Hors d'Œuvres

By "Caviare"

QUITE one of the most charming couples I know are Mr. and Mrs. Drogo Montagu. I love their unusual Christian names, Drogo and Tanis, their unusual good looks, their charming smiles and "How-happy-we-are" manner. Altogether, in topical jargon, they are "winners."

HAS a reconciliation caused much surprise? After so much chitting and chatting—"So nasty, too, dear, you wouldn't believe!"

LADY BRIDGET PARSONS is so lovely that she can afford to wear severe hats and her golden hair brushed back from her white forehead. She is chic in an original, graceful way, for which one might coin a word and call it "Bridget-esque."

"BEAUTY is a gift of the gods." Juno—Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey. Classically proportioned, fair, blue-eyed, and beautiful as only Englishwomen can be.

A "LOVELY" we all know is lying low. How wise she is, and what a pity a not-so-"lovely" we all know does not copy her example!

IS a party à trois quite the ideal state for a gay bachelor with decided tastes?

CLEVER eyebrows—Lady Doria Childe. Pink-and-white complexion — Lady Fermoy.

Long chin—Miss Marjorie Leigh.
Long legs—Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell.
Lovely mouth—Lady Fiona Fuller.

"SO good on a horse" is Mrs. Marshall Field's caption; and "What a master!" is Lady Harrington's. For Lady Kathleen Rollo, "What perfect hands!"; and for Miss Ulrica Thynne, "A good seat." Anyway, that's what my groom tells me, and "By gum, lad, he knows!"

WAS a fall at a certain point-to-point quite unexpected?

IS welshing an adjective only applicable to "bookies"? A certain county would very likely give us an interesting answer.

A WORD we have all whispered is not pretty on very pretty red lips so frequently. Not even the crush at a well-known bar is sufficient excuse.

WHAT a good dancer Mr. Teddie Phillips is; and he is so tall one cannot fail to see him. Mr. Bobbie Sweeny is also good, and so is Mr. Toby Waddington, who talks more than the other two, but still manages to shine at the "light fantastic." Perhaps Mr. Tony Havelock-Allen wins the young-man-about-town prize for dancing.

LADY ALINGTON is a dear—we all think so!

Lady Weymouth is a darling—no argument about that!

Mrs. Herbert is so sweet—and so is her sister!

A YOUNG man with plenty to say should be careful of the telephone—listeners sometimes hear a good deal about other people.

I LIKE—
Lord FitzWilliam's front stud.
Lady Cunard's hose.
Mrs. Baldwin's pearls.
The angle of Sir Richard Sykes's cap.

KISS-CURLS are in fashion again. Lady Janet Montgomerie has one on her forehead. Lady Howe has two. Miss Pearl Osgood has a row, and so has Miss Betty Stockfield.

HERE, there, and in Mayfair: Lady Cecil Douglas looking pleased.

Lady Elizabeth Hare in an eye-veil with spots.

Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine hatless in Green Park.

Sir Oswald Mosley with a smile like Harold Huth.

I WONDER if all of us admire Lady Cynthia Mosley sufficiently? She is so good-looking, so intelligent, a faithful friend, whose loyalty one could trust to the end, and a charming companion one would be proud as well as happy to be with.

WHY haven't we heard so much about Miss Isobel Maclean lately? She was on all lips last season. I caught a glimpse of her, "very jungle" in leopard-skin collar and cuffs, the other day. The jungle is all the rage—you should see me in rhinoceros pants with bison braces!

IS the gilt on some gingerbread wearing very thin? "When love is over—"

THERE 'S many a slip(-ing away) when there is a big jump ahead—eh, dark lady?

At the Theatre

Just a dream, and, like most dreams, a bit confused. Bobby Bramstone (Bobby Howes) sees himself as his ancestor, Captain Brimstone, treading on the mutinous mate (Raymond Newell), to the satisfaction of the other cut-throats. The houris beneath are a few Eastern dancing girls from Captain Brimstone's harem. Above are seen Ziska, pride of the harem (Marie Burke), a butler-bo'sun (Ernest Graham), a scoutmaster and collector of slaves (Wylie Watson), and a Hindoo seer (Abraham Sofaer) mesmerising his partner in crime (Winifred Izard). On the extreme right, a stowaway (Judy Gunn), the heroine, who is rather thrown into the background, even though she is in love with Bobby Bramstone

Howes Succeeds Hawtrey

"WHAT *was* there—was good," quoth George Robey, and the same may be said of such relicts of Walter Hackett's best play which Messrs. R. P. Weston and Bert Lee have kindly permitted to survive at the Saville. The piquancy of *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure* was twofold: the variety of adventures which befell and the incongruity of him upon whom descended, in a dream, the skull-and-cross-boned mantle. The middle-aged spread of Charles Hawtrey's pampered bachelor-squire, waited upon hand and foot by butler, aunt and niece, was the ideal home for the pistols, cards ("All aces—all aces!") and cutlass of Captain Applejack, despoiler of slave-girls, terror of mutinous mates and cut-throat crews. In a word, Hawtrey into pirate was a legend to conjure with, whereas Howes into ditto is no legend at all; but merely a legitimate twist of musical comedy.

But avaunt these tears of logic and remembrance! The Saville has a policy, and a very good policy, too. In giving us Bobby Howes in a series of good old plays with good new tunes it is, at least, consistent; and it does spare us the banalities of musical-comedy ensembles and those chori of twittering young ladies and be-blazered young men.

Adaptors are notoriously men of iron hearts, without scruples or reverence. What do they care for Hawtrey who only cater for Howes? Say what you like about resurrecting a noble corpse and then murdering it, there is no doubt that the conspirators concerned have done the job thoroughly. With Clifford Grey's extra lyrics, Fred Leslie's dances, William Mollison's production and the ear-wheedling ditties of Jack Waller and Joseph Tunbridge, *He Wanted Adventure* is firmly launched on a long voyage.

Against this entertainment non-stop variety must look to its laurels. The ball opens with musical comedy's safest gambit—one of those parties where all the guests talk at once and the only absentee is the host. After that we get a spot of crook-drama, with comic interpolations by Wylie Watson as a scoutmaster. The second Act begins with a revue ballet of semi-draped houris, and passes into the ship scene from *Robinson Crusoe*, reinforced by a bevy of slave beauties and a vociferous male chorus, superbly led by that fine singer, Raymond Newell. In the last Act, where Bramstone, alias Brimstone, né Applejohn, formerly Applejack, routs the crooks and finds the treasure, the melodious pirates reappear as lugubrious Boy Scouts. Rather elementary (my dear Wylie), after their leader's *Sing, Brothers, Sing* in the last wow at this theatre, but loudly encored by the Watsonians.

Bobby Howes himself leads the jamboree at a rattling pace, now cheeping wanly, like a disconsolate robin, now bouncing from dignity to impudence, like a spoilt schoolboy. Or do I mean a Pekinese? Judy Gunn flits on and off and leaves behind a notion that she can sing, dance and act; and Marie Burke's dark-eyed enchantress bears the emotional hall-mark of the tragedy queen not usually found in the traditional vamp of crook-comedy. But that comes of having enough soul, mystery and voice for half-a-dozen Dark Ladies of the Sonnets.

TRINCULO.

Sketches of "He Wanted Adventure," at the Saville Theatre, by ROUSON

Delirious Dialogues: No. 10. Delysia and Gandhi

(Written and depicted by Bovey)

Delysia: *Mais, c'est formidable, Monsieur. 'Ow dare you go about with so leetle clothes! I am so embarrassed I do not know where to look. You are—'ow you say?—indecent.*

Gandhi: *Those who reside in glass houses should not project missiles.*

Delysia: *Je ne comprends pas. Do you live in a glass house? Is zat 'ow you keep warm? Ah, Monsieur, I am glad, for otherwise you would feel cold with only zat ridiculous leetle napkin.*

Gandhi: *I am a saint. I am impervious to all feelings.*

Delysia: *You 'ave no feelings? No passions? Zat is terrible. 'Ave you nevaire felt Love, ze greatest passion in the world?*

Gandhi: *Do you mind speaking a little less loudly? Miss Slade might hear you.*

Delysia: *Ah, so you 'ave a girl friend, hein?*

Gandhi: *Madam, your insinuation is most unworthy.*

Delysia: *Oh! you take me for a fool, eh? Be careful, or you will, as you say, "get my goat."*

Gandhi: *I do not need your goat. I have one of my own, and that is quite sufficient for my humble requirements. Now I must ask you to leave, as I am about to commence my week of silence.*

Delysia: *Mon Dieu! A week of silence! Zat is too much. Bon soir, Monsieur. You already look speechless!*

BY APPOINTMENT
MOTOR CAR TYRE
MANUFACTURERS
TO H.M. THE KING.
BY APPOINTMENT
RUBBER TYRE
MAKERS TO H.R.H. THE
PRINCE OF WALES
DUNLOP
MADE IN ENGLAND
C.F.H.
Malcolm Campbell
TRIUMPHANT

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

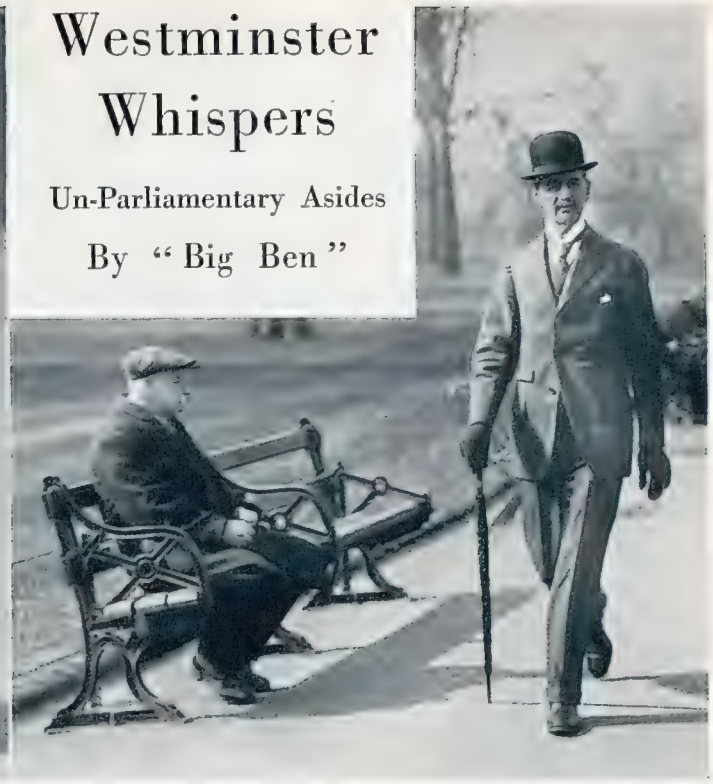
By "Big Ben"

A Distinguished Visitor

Mr. Norman Davis, described as the official ambassador to Europe from President Roosevelt, arriving at 10, Downing St.

Lady Hoare

Wife of Sir Samuel Hoare, Secretary of State for India since 1931, arriving at the House of Commons to hear her husband speak in the India debate



"'Ere, Guv'nor, Wot Abaht My Income Tax?"

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, walking through St. James's Park in the spring sunshine, which does not appear to have added to the joy of life of the gentleman seated on the left, who looks definitely worried by Schedule D

THE House rises to-morrow for Easter and will not be back until the 25th, when Mr. Neville Chamberlain will present his Budget. There has been the usual crop of rumours of what he has in store for us. There always is. We all know the man who has "just heard something"; the latest details from an absolutely reliable source, whose name, of course, is a State secret which he may not divulge.

THESE speculations are nonsense. Probably Mr. Chamberlain himself has not yet decided on his Budget features. All we can do, knowing Mr. Chamberlain, is to draw our conclusions from him. The Chancellor's character is a useful indication of what to expect.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN will not get much rest during the adjournment. He will be kept hard at work, and most of the chief Treasury officials with him. Mr. Churchill, I remember, used to retire to the country to create his Budget speech. Mr. Chamberlain prefers Eaton Square.

BUT, for the rest of us, the Adjournment is a breathing-space before we tackle the weeks of arid debate that follow the Budget statement. These are the days of anti-climax. The Chancellor's Big Day precedes a month of dullness, when we wear out our shoe-leather tramping through the Lobbies and listen to the columns of talk which are quite ineffective. It is very seldom that the Finance Act differs to any extent from the original Bill as introduced.

I WONDER whether Sir Arthur Michael Samuel ever thinks of that tragic day, May 2, 1928, when he made the mistake of his career as Financial Secretary to the Treasury in agreeing to a reduction of the duty on mechanical lighters.

IN £.s.d. only three pence were at stake. But Sir Arthur Michael's political reputation was scorched, and he has held no office since. His baronetcy may have appeased his disappointment, but to-day he is just a Back-Bencher: one of four hundred.

THAT position of Financial Secretary to the Treasury is the do-or-die post of the Government. Financial Secretaries either fade away or they are pushed on to Ministerial and Cabinet rank.

SIR ARTHUR MICHAEL SAMUEL (I must give all his names, he insists upon it; perhaps they are all he has left?) faded away. Major Elliot established himself in the job and is now Minister of Agriculture. Mr. William Graham, who was Financial Secretary in the first Socialist Government, was President of the Board of Trade in the second. Mr. Baldwin held the position; so did Sir Hilton Young. But Major Jack Hills and Sir Archibald Boyd-Carpenter, though both still in the House, seem to have been forgotten.

IN the last Socialist Government, Mr. Pethick-Lawrence was Financial Secretary. Will he be the next Socialist Chancellor of the Exchequer? (Mr. Graham would have been, but he is dead; a loss to the nation as well as to the Party.) I do not think he will be. He is now sixty-two, and though he has claims, I suspect the claims of others to such an office are stronger, and will be pushed more energetically.

WHAT of Mr. Hugh Dalton, for instance? He is only forty-six. Educated at Eton and Trinity, the son of a Canon of Windsor, he was Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs—and what a contrast to Mr. Henderson! But most of his life has been spent in lectureship and authorship on economic subjects.

HE used to infuriate the House by his superciliousness. An exaggerated Eton manner from the Socialist benches was more than some Tories could stand. Mr. Dalton pulled their legs outrageously. He was out at the last General Election by under 1,000, at Bishop Auckland, a safe Socialist seat if ever there was one. He will get back. I don't think the Liberal, Mr. Curry, can possibly prevent it. But the whole subsequent history of the Socialist Party might have been altered were Mr. Dalton in the House now.

THE coming Budget is the crucial Budget for the present Government. They must sow now if they are to reap.

So must the young men. The months roll on and we still await the arrival of that new, vivid personality who alone can revive in the people their flagging interest in Parliament and politics.

THE real interest of the House of Commons lies in the making of careers. Their fulfilment is a dull spectacle. "Climbing the greasy pole" is the thing. Mr. Baldwin is the ideal leader of the Conservative Party. His policy of cautious inactivity is Toryism in excelsis, and it has kept him his place for nearly ten years. But it is not the strategy for a young man to follow.

I AM reminded of a statesman's advice to his son-in-law: "In the Commons you must make yourself a nuisance," he said, "but don't, for your own sake and for mine, make yourself a damned nuisance to the country." There is no one I know of to whom that advice can be given to-day; there is no chance of the one or danger of the other.

E

The Passing Picture Show

Right: Conrad Veidt and Donald Calthrop in a scene from "F.P.1," the Anglo-German air melodrama which has been showing at the Marble Arch Pavilion. The performance of these two actors in "Rome Express" will be remembered

Below: Jill Esmond, daughter of the late H. V. Esmond and his wife, Eva Moore, who has now given up the stage in favour of film acting, is also playing in "F.P.1." She is working under contract to R.K.O.-Radio. In private life, Jill Esmond is the wife of Lawrence Olivier, who is also well known both on the stage and the screen

Together Again: the Villains of "Rome Express"

The Heroine of "F.P.1"

Air-Minded Melodrama

By Sydney Tremayne

CONRAD VEIDT is said to have a larger "fan-mail" than any other film actor in Germany, where he is known as the greatest of screen lovers. He has not yet revealed this particular aspect of his many-faceted talent to audiences in this country, but with two films, *Rome Express* and *Rasputin*, he has assumed a dominant position among the stars of whom English film-goers are actively conscious. How his feminine admirers in England and Germany have borne the recent announcement of his marriage to a lady who kept a beer-garden, or something of the sort, does not transpire, but it is unlikely to affect his popularity, because, on the screen, he is entirely separable, not only from any private life he may have (it seems impossible and must be forgotten!), but also from any other rôle he has ever played.

WHAT could be more dissimilar than his incisive, ruthless, murdering super-crook in *Rome Express*, and his amazing, almost terrifying, impersonation of the lumbering, mystic, sensual, drunken, hypnotic moujik, Rasputin, in an otherwise moribund picture? And now he is an airman in *F.P.1*, perhaps the most ambitiously conceived and elaborately executed melodrama which has ever been made, the product of the Gaumont-British-UFA combination, carried through in Germany under the supervision of the great Pommer.

Of necessity, in a film like this, dependent on staggering constructional effects—no less than an air-station on a vast scale in mid-Atlantic—and almost cataclasmic incident, individual acting is, to some extent, eclipsed. But, from a maelstrom of action and an excellent English cast, Conrad Veidt emerges easily the most important figure and factor. He is a supreme actor. He creates a character every time he plays a part, and dominates by virtue of mental power and personality as well as physique—his height, his strong-featured face, his strange, hypnotic eyes, the power and tone of his voice. . . .

The rôle of an airman adoring his profession, losing the girl he loves to his best friend because of his ambition to make one more record-breaking flight, returning a failure and accepting defeat in love, performing prodigies of valour to save the girl and the "other man," and then passing out of the picture to fresh adventure—implied, rather than explained—is scarcely a part designed for this great character actor; but even in this welter of mechanics and melodramatics he makes of Ellissen a person

Like other German action films, such as *Metropolis* and *Rocket to the Moon*, *F.P.1.* is founded on scientific and engineering possibilities—an inventor's dream—and might conceivably prove prophetic, in essence if not in detail. The idea emanated from Herr Henninger, a well-known German engineer, and is based on the theory that if Transatlantic flight is to become a commercial commonplace, it may be necessary to build relay-stations in mid-ocean, not only in case of accident, but also because experience has proved that the endurance of the average crew would demand breaks in the flight every six hundred to a thousand miles.

THE construction of his theoretical flying platform has all the elements of a brilliant and ingenious engineering feat. It is composed of a number of unsinkable cylinders, and goes down under the sea to a depth where the water is still, no matter how turbulent its surface. This depth can be increased or lessened by means of water ballast. The devices for accomplishing this are shown; in fact, the flooding of the tanks, with a view to destroying the flying platform, by somewhat anomalous enemies, is one of the "high spots" in the picture.

The creation of a sham flying platform for filming purposes was accomplished in spite of incredible difficulties: an enormous amount of actual construction took place on a small island in the Baltic, and a huge floating dock was towed from Hamburg to the location. The Germans take their melodrama seriously!

JILL ESMOND plays the part of Claire Lennarty, a member of the family of shipbuilders who undertake the gigantic task of building the F.P.1, which is the invention of Ellissen's great friend, Drosti, played by Leslie Fenton. Warwick Ward once more gives his convincing exhibition of villainy, and the excellent cast also includes Donald Calthrop, as a Press cameraman, that polished actor, Nicholas Hannen, and William Freshman, who has not had the opportunities one hoped for an enthusiastic, youthful talent since he played opposite Sari Maritza before her emigration.

The final scenes, shooting, gassing, flying, parachuting, and rescue by air and water, have to be seen to be believed, and some clever camera-work conveys cumulative tension and speed. The photography and recording are excellent, and *F.P.1.* can be confidently recommended to those who like thrillers with a substratum of intelligence and originality—plus Conrad Veidt!

Happy Again

Lilian Harvey in Hollywood

Last time Lilian Harvey appeared in "The Bystander" she was bidding Berlin a tearful farewell, before she left for America. And now here she is in Hollywood, her smiling face as lovely as ever. She is under contract with Fox Films, and has lately been working opposite John Boles in "My Lips Betray," a picture which is due to come over here soon

It W.A.S. A. Good Day

"FAIRWAY and HAZARD" and the Women's Automobile and Sports Association Meeting

Miss A. de Montmorency on her way to the first green at Wentworth

Below: Mrs. Dudley Charles and Mrs. F. E. Bourne, the mother of Dale Bourne, the well-known golfer, seen going to the first tee

Above: Miss E. Urwich and Miss M. Beard taking a rest before driving off

Lady Eddis and Miss Joy Winn, who won the scratch award, looking to see what sort of shots the other couple made at the first tee

Left: Miss K. Goodwin and Mrs. A. P. F. Chapman, the wife of the famous cricketer

Above: Miss B. Newell on her way to the first green

Above: Mr. de Lisle, Miss Hankin, and Mr. H. F. Yeatman Biggs at Windmill Hill, where the meeting was held, over the course of the Salisbury Plain Race Club

Right: Mrs. Jeff Allenby and Mrs. Trevor Smail were two more of the spectators. The meeting is very much of an Army event, and the cavalry were there in great force

Below: Mrs. Caryl Uniacke and Rin, her Alsatian. Mr. R. J. Uniacke's Our Bill was third in the last race of the day

Mrs. Sparks, Miss Sparks, and Mrs. Phipps Hornby watching a race. The closest finish was a win by two lengths, but everyone got excited all the same

West Country 'Chasing

The Tedworth Hunt Meeting

Mrs. Willis and Miss St. John Maule doing a typical marathon walk, between the start, the finish, and the nearest jumps

Steeplechase meetings are good exercise for the energetic spectator; two in a hurry to be there for the finish were Captain Whittaker and Miss Bishop

If Gossip We Must . . .

Going to the Pictures — "Jimmy" Pryde's Show—An Anti-Dora Bill—A Theatre with Comfort

EVERYBODY is going to the pictures. I do not mean the moving pictures. There are some left which do not move. But London has, undoubtedly, suddenly become very art-minded, which may possibly be attributed to the spell of bright spring sunshine.

The King and Queen set the lead by their semi-State visit to the National Portrait Gallery — his Majesty, by the way, looking remarkably well and a living denial of the rumours, a few weeks ago, that he was seriously ill. He had a cold and, since he is a bad subject for colds, great care had, of course, to be taken. But it was never anything more serious than a cold.

THE Queen paid a separate visit to the work of the Amateur Artists, and made, as usual, several purchases. Then there is a much larger crop than is usual at this time of year of "one-man" (and sometimes "two-men" or "three-men") shows. The galleries in Bond Street and the neighbourhood have a full engagement list.

What is even more important, people are *buying* pictures. How they manage to do this with income tax at its present rate and other heavy exactions in full swing, with no hope of relief, I know not. But they do.

Lenare

Miss Rachel Kempson

Daughter of the Headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, a successful student at the R.A.D.A. who will be playing at the Stratford-on-Avon Festival this year

Sasha

The Useful Sofa on the Stage

Margaret Bannerman and Lester Matthews as they appear on the sofa in "Gay Love," at the Lyric Theatre, by Audrey and Waveney Carten, who also wrote "Happy Families"

Yet Another

Gertrude Lawrence and Leslie Banks as they appear on the sofa in "This Inconstancy," a new comedy by Roland Pertwee and J. Hastings Turner, now being played at Wyndham's Theatre

JAMES PRYDE'S exhibition at the Leicester Galleries is one of the best of all. This fine artist abhors the haunts of academicism and officialdom of all and every kind, with the result that the general public has little chance of seeing his work.

But there is nothing of the wild revolutionary about him. His style is grim and strongly characteristic; he delights to paint old stone walls—I mean pictures of them — and rooms of vast height. Particularly does he like to paint beds with lofty, towering canopies. The bed he designed for Paul Robeson, as Othello, to smother Desdemona in, at the Savoy, a few years ago, will take a deal of forgetting by those who saw it.

At this exhibition I coveted "The Archway," and also a picture rather apart from his usual manner, a "Portrait of a Lady."

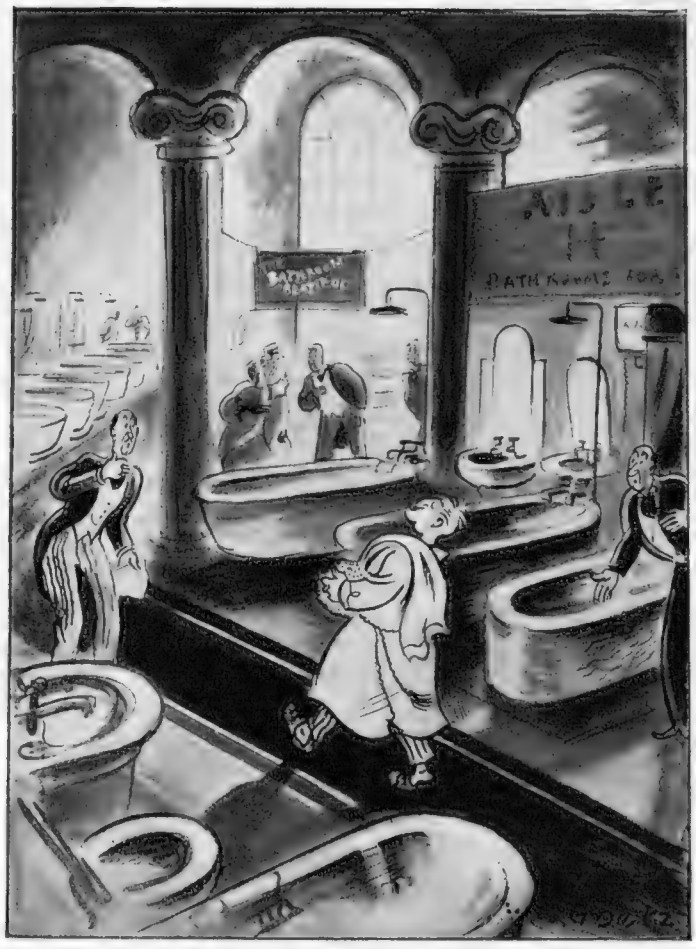
I HAVE said that Jimmie Pryde's characteristic is grimness. He is himself rather grim. But he unbends at the sound of any

"All right! Shove off, if you want to! I can easily get another girl"

Sasha

Sofa on the Stage

Madeleine Carroll discussing her part in the film now being made called "I Was a Spy," with Marthe McKenna, the war-time heroine she is to impersonate. This picture was taken in Belgium, where Victor Saville is also at work directing "I was a Spy"



Sampling the Goods

music by Richard Strauss. Take him to *Der Rosenkavalier* or one of the Tone Poems and he becomes as docile as a child, smiling seraphically.

Jimmie is verra Scotch, was once an actor, and ties with Augustus John in the good-looks stakes in the art world. Clad usually in a long brown overcoat of ancient cut, he is like a figure from the pages of Henri Murger.

Of more practical service to the amenities of London than any number of art shows, however delightful, will be the Hotel and Restaurants Bill, should it, of course, become a fait accompli.

I have been pegging away at this matter in these columns for a long time, and if the Bill gets beyond the Second Reading in the House of Commons before the London season, so much the better.

The point at issue is a special form of licence for hotels and restaurants. Since this means greater freedom in the sale of alcohol, the opposition of cranky and tyrannical people was to be expected. There has also come opposition on the grounds of "class-consciousness"—i.e., one law for the rich and another for the poor. The rich, it is argued, will be able to get a drink in an expensive restaurant when the public-house of the poor man is closed.

On the Links, But Again, not at Felixstowe

Virginia De Long, of Pasadena, Cal., and Tina Jean Darne, of San Antonio, Texas, on the links at Pinehurst, North Carolina, and wearing the trousers which are the latest fad there. Powdering the nose, as seen above, before driving off appears to be of vital necessity at Pinehurst, North Carolina

Quite so. I appreciate the grievance. Then why not wipe it out by granting the same facilities to the public-house? Obviously the proper course is to grant more freedom all round, not to oppose a charter of freedom for one section of the community on the grounds that another section is excluded from it.

Another form of opposition arises from pure envy and cussedness. "Instead of spending money in restaurants," howls one prominent Socialist, "the rich should be made to pay more Income Tax." "No one who is rich enough to pay Income Tax," yelps another, "needs any consideration at all."

There you have the whole fallacy in a nutshell. To suggest that those who contribute so heavily to the upkeep of the country might possibly deserve a few privileges in return

would be hopeless. But one can venture to point out that if you tax the so-called rich man more and yet more, you will not inflict on him the torture for which the more sadistic type of Socialist clamours when the word "Capitalist" flashes across what serves him for a brain.

The victim will almost certainly still have a roof over his head, decent clothes, sound boots and enough food. What he *will* do, the more he is squeezed, is to sack servants and spend almost nothing, thus adding to the unemployment list, and causing additional distress among the very classes whose orators thirst for his blood.

But so long as this world exists there will be fools in it to preach the gospel of making the poor richer by making the rich poorer.

THE question of tourist traffic should not be forgotten in this Hotels and Restaurants business. Here a few, a very few, statistics may be found instructive. I give a little list of foreign visitors to three countries in the course of a year :—

France — 1,542,285
Switzerland — 1,050,000
Great Britain — 376,000

The main reason why we are a bad third is that we are hedged about by every possible form of puritanical legislation that can be devised to make mankind uncomfortable.

Screen "Comics"—No. I

Above : Esther Muir and Wheeler and Woolsey as they appear in "So This is Africa," a Columbia film which treats the dangers of the jungle in a light-hearted, not to say farcical, spirit. It is on view at the Empire this week

Left : Oliver Hardy and Stan Laurel, better known, perhaps, as Laurel and Hardy, in a new picturisation—blessed word !—of a comic opera made for the Hal Roach-Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Co.

Screen "Comics"—No. II

The "Bystander" Cruise

Deck Games on board the s.s. Lapland, which starts on June 17th for a "Bystander" cruise to Madeira, Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and the Azores. Full particulars and fares can be obtained from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or the usual Travel Agencies

And the foreigners know it—and stop away.

THE more I go to the Saville Theatre—which is not very often, since the plays there have long and successful runs and there are precious few plays of any sort I can bear to see twice—the more I realise its comfort.

Unlike most new theatres, there is plenty of space in the foyer, vestibule, passages, and, to be blunt, the bar. One can move about with ease and with one's accustomed dignity, greeting acquaintances by "combining a pose imperious with a demeanour nobly bland."

The next night at the Little Theatre the Walter Scott piece was ushered in by pipers, skirling (or whatever it is that pipers do) in John Street. I do not know where they came from ; they may even have come, in order to be topical, from the Seaforth Highlanders (Marie Louise's Own), but they certainly skirled uncommonly well.

WHO'S WHOOEY

No. 8. Mr. Rudyard Kipling

WHEN though still of early age, wordy warfare did he wage
To champion the Soldiers of the Queen,
He was singer to the clan of the Fust-Class Fighting Man,
And he wrote of Mrs. Hawksbee in between.

Soon the fame of this young stripling grew until the name of Kipling
Was acknowledged as a power in the land,
And he swiftly started in to create a Gunga din
That resounded loud and clear on every hand.

Of our nation's lasting glory he would tell in verse and story,
And he never feared to call a spade a spade,
Till we found our humble fighters were not merely boozing blighters
But fellows of a greatly higher grade.

When he'd told with boyish glee of those gallant Soldiers Three—
Of Mulvaney and of Learoyd and their mate—
And the "Tommy" of the past was the "Service Man" at last
He had many other stories to relate.

He proves just as much at home by the coral breakers' foam
As he is in drab and dreary Northern towns,
And he writes with equal ease of the sweeping Seven Seas
And of the "blunt, bow-headed, whale-back Downs."

Ubiquitous in season, he is full of rhyme and reason,
And he even dares to say that Britain's great,
For Britannia is his donah and he's very proud to own 'er
Is this People's patriotic Laureate.—B. W.

London Likes Them!

Jean Rai and Allan Shires at the Old Florida

Navana

Dancing the Tango at Midnight

Jean Rai and Allan Shires have been round most of Europe on their way to London; they have danced in Stockholm, Oslo, Berlin, Deauville, and at the Palm Beach Casino at Cannes. Now they are at the Old Florida, which reopened a week or two ago, and their dancing turns there have been a great success

. . . AND FRIEN

Important Peop and Their Do

Right: Mrs. "Peter" Baxendale is Mr. Basil Baxendale's attractive wife; she is a circus expert, as she travels round in her caravan getting "copy" for her pictures of circus life. She and her husband are on the Committee of the Circus Ball, to be held in May

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall, the wife of Lord Daresbury's son, borrowed Miss Monica Sherriffe's bull-terrier to keep her company in her photograph. Mrs. Greenall is the younger of Sir Joseph Laycock's daughters

Bassano

Right: the Hon. Mrs. John Barran's "and friend" is a dachshund called Snoopie. Mrs. Barran's sister, the Hon. Jean Ruthven, announced her engagement to Don Francisco Larios a week or two ago

Below: a new photograph of Grizelda Hervey, who will be playing at the Vaudeville in "The Soldier and the Gentlewoman," when the dramatised version of Hilda Vaughan's novel starts its London run

The Hon.

Right: these nine pu are playing their p Kendall and Betty St of the Ritz," the n film starring Stanle has been showing

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Greenall

Mrs. "Peter" Baxendale and Simon

Grizelda Hervey and Her Dalmatian

Mannell

Mrs. John Barran

Tunbridge

Yevonde

Lady Elizabeth and Lady Rose Paget

Lady Elizabeth Paget is the second of the Marquess and Marchioness of Anglesey's five daughters, and is one of this season's débutantes. Her sister, Lady Rose Paget, is fourteen

ud Chinese dogs art with Henry ckfield in "King ie British Lion Lupino, which at the Capitol

Henry Kendall and Betty Stockfield Have a Craze for Pekes

Helen MacGregor

TRAGEDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

A wonderful camera-study of Flora Robson, as Ella Downey, and the hands of Paul Robeson, who, in "All God's Chillun Got Wings," plays the part of Jim Harris. As the white woman married to a negro husband, whom she loves and yet abhors, because of his colour, Flora Robson gives a superb piece of acting in Eugene O'Neill's play. It is now at the Piccadilly for three weeks, following its run at the Embassy Theatre

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

THE sun, streaming through my window, serves the double purpose of giving this white sheet of paper a dazzling brightness and reminding me that the Rugby football season is indeed coming to an end.

To be indoors to-day writing about football of any kind is a monstrous thing; if I seem cantankerous, therefore, you will perhaps bear with me. I must admit that my inclination is to be short-tempered and contemptuous when I think of the matches through which I have sat, with hope and faith, during the last few months.

Hope and faith, unfortunately, have both been to some extent disappointed, for it has been, I am afraid we must agree, a poor season. Can I think of any outstanding games? No. Can I remind you of any outstanding players? Again no. Perhaps my memory is at fault; more probably my judgment is warped and jaundiced. I am bound to sustain, for all that, the unenviable rôle of a disillusioned spectator.

We spoke, those of us whose job it was to speak, brave words before the season began. We declared, poor fools, that the pendulum would swing upwards, and that the young men would revive the glories of Rugby football.

Well, the young men, what have we to say of them now? There is Wooller, of Wales, a centre three-quarter wasted by his selectors on the wing; and Fyfe, of Scotland, a real footballer, playing with insufficient speed on the wing, whereas his real place is in the centre. These two players we may hear of again, but where are the other hopefuls? There was Slow, of Northampton, for instance, a stand-off half of whom we hoped great things, but he has faded into obscurity. There was J. A. Tallent, a fine attacking centre or stand-off half, and I still believe that England would have been better served with Tallent at stand-off half than Elliott. There were R. E. Prescott and G. S. Waller, of Oxford and Cambridge respectively, the two best forwards in the University teams; it may be that their time is yet to come

We cannot argue, however, that it has been a season of discoveries, for players of real promise are still as scarce as ever.

NOR has it been a season of high performance, and the only encouraging sign, to my mind, is the insistence of the Scottish selectors upon the importance of attack. It is true that Scotland, though they have won matches, have not been brilliantly successful; but their methods at least show a return to adventure which is particularly welcome. It seems to me, and here again we must take into account a certain seasonal peevishness, that a blight has fallen upon the game. Instead of setting out to enjoy ourselves, we are ruled by the necessity for winning matches, a necessity which is not only the result of an attitude of mind, but the outcome of financial stringency.

WE cannot deny the unpleasant fact that many of our leading clubs are facing a serious fall in gate receipts, and gate receipts nowadays do play an important part in Rugby football. To counter this unhappy state of affairs, clubs have worked upon the principle that the crowd follows a winning team, and we have therefore seen caution and safety-first tactics pushed to excessive limits. It is perhaps easy to understand the reasons which called these tactics into being, but I am convinced that the arguments of those who support them are not soundly based. If it is necessary to attract more spectators to club and international matches—and I am afraid we have to admit that it is necessary—the way to set about it is to throw safety to the winds and concentrate instead upon the chances of open attack.

A Disappointing Season

THERE is no doubt, to my mind, that, next year, club captains and international selectors will have to consider the game from a new angle, or possibly I should say that they will have to return to the principles which inspired players in the great periods before the war. These principles were based primarily upon sound scrummaging, and although the wing forward was already very much in evidence, he was kept in place until the primary functions of hooking and heeling had been successfully accomplished. Hard and cohesive shoving, combined with the added arts of wheeling and close dribbling, must return to the game before we can expect any real revival.

Perhaps, by now, it is a truism to say this, but it appears to be worth repeating, since scrummaging during the past season has been as ragged and unscientific as I have ever seen it. Let us assume, however, that club captains set about this scrummaging business with a will, and that the essential part of the machinery is working smoothly. It will next be necessary to approach back play with an insistence upon attack as the main essential. Here also you may tell me that I am dealing in platitudes, but I believe we have, of recent years, been thinking along the wrong lines. We find, for instance, that the English selectors persevere with Burland and Gerrard, mostly because these two admirable centre three-quarters are physically capable of bearing the brunt of mid-field defence, and this, to my mind, is significant.

If such august personages as the selectors are so much concerned with defence that they pass over players obviously more dangerous in attack, it is at least reasonable to deduce that their theory of the game is generally accepted.

WHAT we need now to lift Rugby football out of the doldrums is a deliberate policy of adventure. Instead of clipping the wings of our potential Ronnie Poultons, we must give them every encouragement as attacking players. If only we could forget defence and concentrate upon perfecting the many methods of attack which nowadays are so rarely attempted, it would not be long before spectators found that Rugby football was again well worth watching.

Here let me make it clear that I hold no brief for the spectator, and that any suggestion of tampering with the game in order to make it more attractive cannot possibly be considered. The game is all right. All that is necessary is that those who play it should think a little of the principles which give it its peculiar character.

Scotland beats Ireland

R. H. Pratt, Ireland's full back, kicked and followed up in the Scotland and Ireland match and is seen tackling D. I. Brown, the opposite number for Scotland, who has fielded the ball

Another incident in the International match at Dublin, which Ireland lost by two tries to two dropped goals. Paul Murray, No. 9, the Irish scrum-half, dashing over to score Ireland's second try. On the right is W. R. Logan, the Scottish scrum-half, and on the left, J. Beattie, the Scottish wing forward. Ireland were, on the whole, unlucky to lose

Books of the Week

Rosita Forbes in Search of South America: By "Ericus"

A caricature, by Poli, of Rosita Forbes, whose new book of travel, entitled "Eight Republics in Search of a Future" (Cassell; 8s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page

SHEPHEARD'S HOTEL was crowded. American globe-trotters, the inevitable cigar between white, even teeth, rubbed shoulders with smilingly inscrutable Levantine Jews, volatile Frenchmen, with bronzed, careless, faultlessly groomed English cavalry officers. The air was heavy with a thousand scents. Women jostled each other politely, languid, exotic, fashionably gowned, hiding their eagerness beneath a well-bred mask. Cairo Society was agog to inspect its latest acquisition.

No; this is not the opening instalment of our oriental serial. It is merely what happened (more or less!) some twelve years ago, when Rosita Forbes returned from one—I think, the first—of her desert jaunts. We expected to see, I remember, a gaunt, bespectacled Amazon, probably in tweeds and an out-size in brogues. Not so the reality. When she arrived in the ball-room, the situation was summed up at a glance by a disgusted gunner subaltern: "Damn it, she's not an explorer at all! She's just an ordinary woman." A very pretty compliment!

South America is Miss Forbes's latest fancy and *Eight Republics in Search of a Future* (Cassell; 8*s.* 6*d.*) quite the best thing her mercurial pen has given us. She starts with Brazil and her impressions of Rio de Janeiro, "the superlative city," waging unceasing war on the ever-encroaching forest. Then to Sao Paulo, the Manchester of Brazil, with its Snake Farm and its Penitentiary, a home from home, surely, arousing enthusiasm rather than penitence in its inmates. And then, via the coffee plantations, to Uruguay, a Gilbertian Utopia, so over-educated that her plethora of professional men must soon place the manual labourer at a premium. Next, Paraguay, where life is one long call to arms against Bolivia. There are, in consequence, eleven Paraguayan women to one man, who is naturally an object of value, lucky fellow! And so to the Argentine. Opulent Buenos Aires, surviving outpost of feudalism, "more sophisticated than Paris, more formal than pre-war Vienna"; Rosario, modern, unæsthetic and factory-ridden; Cordova, sleepy and canonical; and the waterfall at Igasú, so awe-inspiring that an American described it as the grave of Niagara.

THE next click, that stand-by of the magic lantern lecturer of our youth, brings us to Chile, country of contrasts in a continent of contrasts. In the pastoral South, Scottish shepherds work side by side with German farmers: in the North, the nitrate desert for which the nation has ruinously bartered its agricultural prosperity. The capital, Santiago, a city of the Arabian Nights, result of "the madness caused by nitrate": English Valparaiso: Teniente, with its mining population who live underground in the heart of a copper mountain. Bolivia also suffers from a mineral complex, her timbered lowlands neglected for the tin and silver of the lunar plateau, "so nearly devoid of cultivation that anyone who possesses a tree regards it as a member of the family." Peru, the Empire of the Incas, decaying and apathetic, a monument to "Mañàna" and a prey to Communist agitators. Here comes a llama intermezzo, a discussion of the ubiquitous beast of burden with its air of Victorian refusal to be amused. And, finally, agreeable Ecuador, whose principal products, as we used to say at the dear old school, are cocoa; Jipa-Japa hats, erroneously termed Panamas, which are hand-woven by women, cost anything from 1*s* 6*d*. to £30 and may take a year to make; and head-hunters, who conveniently confine their attentions to each other.

Miss Forbes is shrewd and provocative in her opinions, a lady with a quick grasp of a situation and the ability to explain it in vivid, graphic phrases. It is really extraordinary the amount of information she has managed to cram into these three hundred enormously entertaining pages.

MESSRS. PETER DAVIES, the publishers, deserve a congratulatory thump—herewith, in no sense of patronage—for the high standard they maintain with their five-shilling biographies. Doctor G. J. Renier's *Oscar Wilde* is a worthy representative, a sane, well-balanced, literary estimate of a character which almost defies analysis. The author gives the impression that he really understands his subject, which is a feat in itself, unerringly dissecting reality from pretence. "This world 's a hollow bubble, don't you know?"—in the words of the old song—was the essence of Wilde's philosophy. "He perceived salvation in two ways only: in the cult of beauty which alone could endow life with the semblance of significance, and in the affectation of frivolity which treated life as it deserved." Sad that the cult of beauty should culminate in such disastrous ugliness, and sadder still that his literary output should be at the mercy of his moral reputation.

THE music-hall impersonator is rapidly vanishing into the limbo of forgotten things, but his literary counterpart happily remains in the person of Mr. Hugh Kingsmill. *The Table of Truth* (Jarrolds; 3*s.* 6*d.*) is a collection of parodies. Parodies of P. G. Wodehouse and the inimitable Jeeves; of Conan Doyle and E. W. Hornung (Sherlock Holmes and Raffles fencing craftily for the Ruby of Khitmandu, only to be let down with a bump by their crass confederates, Watson and Bunny); H. G. Wells, lecturing on "Miscegenation," and Lytton Strachey, more wordily, on "Joseph"; Frank Harris, William Gerhardi, Oscar Wilde—the quick-changes become quicker and quicker—to the Finale, when a host of literary figures, from Carlyle to Peter Robin, a synthesis of Peter Pan and Christopher Robin, sit down to lunch at the Table of Truth with devastating results. Here is burlesque at its best. And all for 3*s.* 6*d.* Given away, you might almost say.

A NOVEL which, like its author in the past, has received less than due appreciation is *Mrs Barry* (Collins; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Frederick Niven. One is apt to fight shy of the poor-lorn-widow-woman both in fiction and fact. Here, however, is no Mrs. Gummidge, but a charming, straightforward Scotswoman struggling to keep the flag flying over the heads of herself and her quaint little son. Mr. Niven has drawn this delightful couple simply, sincerely, and unsentimentally, and his book breathes a quality of gallant hopefulness that even its tragic ending cannot dispel.

ALTHOUGH *Separate Paths* (Chapman and Hall; 7*s.* 6*d.*) reminds me of a dozen other family annals of recent times, Miss Barbara Goolden gets away with it by the very simplicity of her story and the charm of her characters. As a matter of fact, this simplicity slips sometimes into sheer artlessness, but Seppings, his mother, his sister, and his small brother constitute such a nice family that you find yourself following their history with interest.

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" By Madge Garland

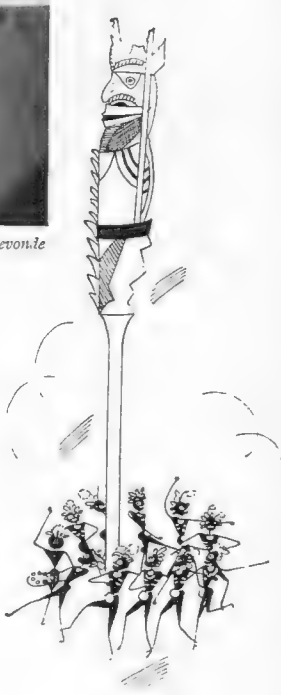
Dorothy Wilding

MADAME NUBAR GULBENKIAN, who is English by birth, is the attractive and popular wife of the Commercial Attaché at the Persian Legation. Mrs. Gulbenkian entertains a great deal, and is always extremely well dressed. Here she is wearing an evening gown of green patterned chiffon and a tiny wrap of dull olive green velvet from Tora

THE wavy stripes of the tiger have obviously inspired the material in which this ensemble is made, but Mainbocher has substituted navy blue and white instead of the more protective colouring of the jungle cat. This suit, which is trimmed with bands of navy blue fox fur, can be obtained from Albert and Johnson

Rockwell, Paris

Yevonde



Afternoon Ensembles favour Crêpe de Chine of Geometrical Design

A BROWN and cream colour crêpe de Chine patterned in a design reminiscent of negro art makes this Mainbocher afternoon dress, which has a high neckline finished by a Toby frill of the material. The short sleeveless coat hangs loose at the back. This costume may be obtained from Fortnum and Mason

an acute angle and some curves

Cannons of Hollywood

MISS KAY HAMMOND looks enchanting in a cherry coloured béret tipped over one eye

ANOTHER model from Peter Robinson, also carried out in uncrushable straw, is of beige with two brown bows. Price 49/9

THE new uncrushable fabric straw makes the charming hat below, which is in white with a black band. From Peter Robinson

Young Regulars in the Row

Above: Pamela Tate looks very neat in her jodhpurs and jersey, and sits her pony nicely; she is the ten-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Vernon Tate, and a half-sister of Lord de Clifford

Richard Law must be one of the youngest Hyde Park horsemen; he is just seven. He is the elder son of Lord and Lady Ellenborough, and has a brother of nearly two

Right: Ann Stern and Muffet Clarke, Lady Bective's nine-year-old daughter, and sister of Sir Rupert Clarke, go out riding together. Ann Stern, who is ten, is Sir Albert and Lady Stern's elder daughter

Above: here's a brother and sister on horseback. They are Pamela and Robert Nivison, Lord and Lady Glendyne's second daughter and only son; Robert was seven last October, and his sister is ten

Right: Miriam Fitzalan-Howard is the second of the four daughters of Lord Howard of Glossop and Baroness Beaumont, and is nine years old. She and her six sisters and brothers have ten names between them, all beginning with M.

Photos by Swaebe

Lord and Lady Aberdare's elder daughter, Rosalind Bruce, is yet another of the young regulars who ride in the Row in the mornings. She has two older brothers, and a small sister

Below: Mrs. Rider, Miss Dingley, Mrs. Claude Wilson (of Forum Club fame), and Mrs. H. Wilson at the "Fairway and Hazard" and W.A.S.A. Meeting

The "Fairway and Hazard" and W.A.S.A. Meeting

Mrs. Porter-Bask with Miss Jean Horrocks, the Editor of "Fairway and Hazard." The name of the third occupant of the bench is Bill

Left: Miss Ramsden, winner of the Roehampton Gold Cup, and Mrs. Bentley, honorary secretary of Middlesex, watching their county competing at Burhill

Women's Golf:

There was a Meeting

By Eleanor E. Helme

Dear Bystander—

"Mphm; more hazard than fairway about *our* round, there was," remarked bitterly the caddie of Somebody Who Ought to Have Done Better at Wentworth the other day, and the same really was the briefest way of describing how quite a good many tried to play that redoubtable course. The affair in question was the *Fairway and Hazard* and W.A.S.A. Spring Open Meeting (hence the bite of the caddie's complaint), but if you want to be quit of the cumbersome title you just say "the W.A.S.A. Meeting," which sounds just like the title of this letter if you're not too precise about it.

Of course, there is nothing precise, in the uncomfortable meaning of the word, about these meetings, because Miss H. V. Smith runs them, with Mrs. Goold hovering in the background, and that means that everything runs on oiled wheels.

But never in one day's golf have I seen more putts missed. "How are you both?" one asked a couple. "Two very disappointed women," was the almost invariable reply, and all the answer to be given was "So is everybody."

The one who had the most right to be disappointed was Lady Ediss. Fancy starting with a three at the first, having a two at the fourth, being, in fact, one under fours for the first five holes and then crashing into a nine at the sixth! It was heroic to be out in 41 under such circumstances, for nobody took the first nine in less than 39, but it was no good. The only consolation she had was marking down a delightfully steady row of figures for Miss Joy Winn, who began as she meant to, and did go on: no high heroics, no dreadful disasters, but just pleasing golf that took her out in 41 and home in 37, and eventually won her the scratch prize. Miss Gourlay tied for it, with 39 each way for her 78, but ties were on the last nine holes. That is the second tie for a big scratch prize that Miss Gourlay has lost this season. I suppose the analytically minded will want to know whether it means she is playing extremely well to tie at all, or that she is just failing to stay the course so far this year, or is just frankly unlucky. Maybe it means none of these things, but only that her best golf and her best luck—these things go together—are saving themselves up for the championship and such-like bigger fry. Her putting was not too good, and as for how some other people tackled that part of the business . . . words rather fail me. I think it would need our friend, Steel Shaft, to deal adequately with the situation.

But Wentworth greens were fast, terrifyingly so to those who had come from muddy climes, and the very pace of the fairways was disconcerting. What do you make, for instance, of Mrs. Clarke reaching the ninth, which is five hundred-odd yards, with a drive and a No. 3? But it shows that length is not everything, and that stupendous run ends in bunkers more often than optimists with high hopes of winning Bystander spoons like to believe.

Talking of spoons, there was a delightful tea-party at the Forum Club the other day to celebrate the twenty-first birthday of the Legal Ladies' Golf Association. Mrs. Claude Wilson, it almost goes without saying, was the prime mover and hostess; and there was Mrs. Montague to give a little description of how the Legal came into being twenty-one years ago, just a year after the Parliamentary, and a week before the Medical; and Mrs. Still to sing delightful songs; and a huge birthday cake to be eaten; and Mrs. Matthews, the captain, to return thanks; and the new trophy, designed by Miss Stringer (who founded the Association with Mrs. Montague), to be admired; and Mrs. Dudley Charles and her sister, Mrs. Canny, to raise shouts of derisive laughter when they announced that *they* had been original members of the Association. Subsequent enquiries discovered that both had pigtails at the time, and were elated beyond all words at the honour of being asked to play for a real grown-up organisation. A decidedly cheery party, the only pity being that Miss Stringer herself was stopped from coming at the last moment. That versatile lady had designed the new trophy herself, a striking symbolic bronze figure of Justice holding the scales in one hand and a sword in the other. The memento is a copy of the said sword a good many sizes larger, making a most efficient paper knife. Altogether a new idea, and legal members are now full of determination to win the handicap aggregate. All, perhaps, except Miss Slade, who has just become owner of a pony, and can scarcely think of anything else. Small blame to her, say some of us.

As for the counties, Dorset, bar their one set-back from Devon, are going storng in the west; so are Sussex in the south-east. In fact, something drastic must happen if the rest of the counties there are to have much further interest in this year's proceedings beyond the sheer love of battle. Sussex, you see, have added another win to their list, with an odd match victory from Middlesex at Ashdown Forest, so now they only have the return with Surrey and return with Middlesex to worry about, and so far only one defeat. Surrey have had two, for after beating Middlesex by the odd match at Burhill, a few days later down they went to Hampshire at Brockenhurst; Middlesex have had three; Kent four. Hampshire might upset things; they have beaten Sussex and been beaten by them, and they have beaten Surrey. Otherwise their matches are all before them. A very interesting situation. Miss Gourlay had a desperate last-green twin from Mrs. Guedalla, and a 4 and 3 one from Mrs. Clarke.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

SHOE THOUGHTS for SPRING

What shoes will you wear with your new dress and ensemble?
What styles and colours will be the most becoming?
Here are a few random thoughts crystallised in six of our latest styles.
These we know will help in making your tasteful decision.

For town wear style no. 8825 & 8160 are ideal creations on high & medium louis heels in black, tan, hazel, grey, blue, or beige glace kid, also black or brown suede calf . . The next four models here shown are light walking or cruising models built on a lower heel, style no. 8847 & 8845 are also obtainable with cuban heel These styles are made in a combination of materials such as tan willow & white nubuck, black & white, blue & white or in tan willow & tan suede, grey suede & grey, beige suede or black matt

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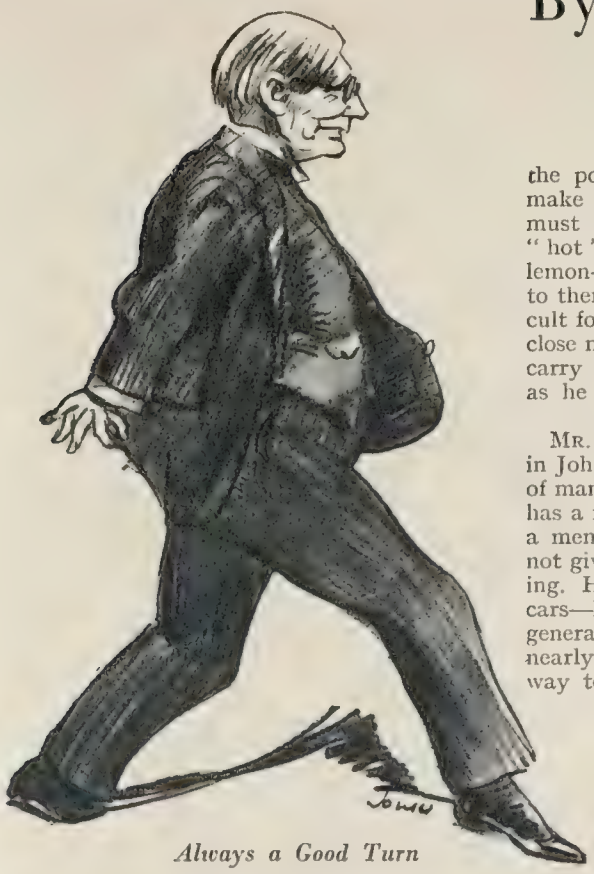


Always a Good Turn

HERE is last week's Stock Exchange story: A "strong man" in a variety show was demonstrating his Samsonic powers by lemon-squeezing. With a few gentle movements of his fingers, he squeezed a whole lemon as dry as dry, and then offered £1 to anyone in the audience who could get a drop or two more of juice out of it. Up came a man to try for the £1; he gave the lemon one look, took it up, and, behold! three more drops came forth. The strong man turned pale, and, stammering with shock, he said, "My congratulations, Sir. And may I ask your profession?" "I am an authorised clerk with ——— ——— and Co.," was the reply.

IT is always a debatable point whether it pays brokers to be "hot," or jobbers either, for that matter. If a broker acquires the reputation of always getting the best of a bargain, he is not likely to find jobbers helpful to him. And if he finds himself competing with another broker for the attention of a jobber who can only do a certain amount of business in the particular stock in which he wishes to deal, he will certainly be put second on the jobber's list, and may have to take his business on to someone else. If a broker tries to strike too hard a bargain, he may find himself being handed a screw from the pocket of the poor jobber, who, after all, has to make a living. In fairness to brokers, it must be said that they may be made "hot" by their clients, when, by nature, lemon-squeezing would be quite foreign to them. A client can make it very difficult for his broker to deal except by very close methods, and a broker does have to carry out his client's orders as nearly as he can.

Mr. John Rossage

Without the Mash

MR. JOHN ROSSAGE, the head partner in John Rossage and Co., has great charm of manner and a pleasant voice. He still has a foreign accent, though he has been a member for eight years, and he does not give the impression of English tailoring. However, he has the best of English cars—he owns a very fine Rolls, which he generally drives at great speed. He once nearly knocked a jobber down on his way to the City, and his car is known as the "Jobbers' Rolls." He is a hard worker, and has built up an extremely good business.

THE prominent jobber in the railway market who went into the House on Saturday and did two bargains, only to have three cancelled which he had done during the week, must be wondering about the advantages or otherwise of Saturday opening. Two up and three down is a rather unsatisfactory score.

SATURDAY snowstorms have become a feature of the week nowadays. Packets of unused jobbers' lists—the lists printed each day, offering various stocks at the particular price of jobbing firms and left on their seats for brokers to take when wanted—are collected by four or five of the younger members, and hurled into the air. The packets fly into a hundred pieces, the lists come down in showers, and the mess (or snowstorm) is superb. Then the waiters come and clear it all up, but it cheers up Saturday mornings while it lasts.

MOST sinister-looking cracks have been appearing in the walls and pillars of the building surrounding "Gorgonzola Hall," as the House is sometimes called, because of the colour of some of the marble used for interior decoration. These cracks have started a lot of rumours, and local heavy-weights have been eyed with suspicion. Mr. ("Young") Shaftesbury Walmisley nearly headed the black list, but he is due for mention here later on, so the blame has fallen on Mr. George Tozer. He is with Kitchin, Baker, Mason, and his frame and methods of business are equally big and imposing. The supposition that he leans against a pillar and smokes a cigarette, and so is responsible for the damage, has not been confirmed. Smoke without fire?

IT is just possible that Mr. Hugh McNaughten might think he has some claim to pillar-cracking responsibility, but he is a much more "concentrated" man in build, and it is considered improbable that he would have quite the same portentous effect on a City building, even if its foundations are rather liquid.

Mr. George Tozer

With acknowledgments to Guinness

A BRIEF General Knowledge paper follows (to be continued). No prizes are offered, no answers will be published.

Who is the balmy Bart., and why does he wear black spats?

How many pairs of spectacles has Nelly broken this year? Why has "she" had so little advertisement lately?

Who were the honorary members who broke the Sweet Club?

Who are the two Scottish brothers who can only go out to lunch one at a time, because they only have one set of false teeth between them?

Who said "Apologise!"?

The Railways Take to the Air: By Capt. C. E. Ward

A Friendly War

THE first move in a friendly war in the air between the railways and the roadways commences to-day, when the Great Western Railway Company starts an air service between Cardiff and the south coast of Devon. The railway companies obtained Parliamentary powers in 1929 to operate air services and airports, and this is the first occasion on which these have been exercised over a regular route. Motor transport concerns, notably Mr. Edward Hillman's company, and, more recently, the Scottish Motor Traction Company, have placed large orders for aircraft with the object of supplementing their existing facilities on the ground by air connections. Although the new air service cannot be called competitive with that of any road transport service, it seems probable that the two older groups will wage a mild kind of war in the air during the next few years, which should be all to the benefit of aviation. Eventually, transport of all kinds must be co-ordinated in order to serve the public to the best advantage.

Captain V. H. Baker, M.C., A.F.C., chief instructor at Heston, with Miss Rosalind Norman in the pilot's seat of one of the Airwork School's Moths. Fine weather has resulted in an increased demand for flying at all Schools throughout the country

The Need for More Airports

THE railways of this country, having been left behind for some time in the competition for trade with road haulage contractors, are determined not to be similarly placed in the air. Lacking technical knowledge at the moment, the Great Western has arranged with Imperial Airways to operate the Devon-Cardiff route with a Westland "Wessex" six-seater, road connections with Cardiff Airport and Haldon landing-ground at Teignmouth being supplied by the railway company. The journey time from Torquay to South Wales is reduced from four hours by train to an hour by air, fares being, provisionally, £3 single and £5 return, which seem rather high. Heavy baggage will be forwarded by rail and delivered without extra charge. On the subject of airports or landing-grounds, it is understood that the railway companies expect municipalities to provide the ground facilities if and when the towns feel the need for air transport. This is quite a reasonable point of view, and those centres which put themselves on the air map in the near future will get first consideration as stopping-places on internal air routes. Plymouth and Bristol are the only cities in the south-west of England which are classed as airports at the present time.

Flying Round London

ON the outer fringe of London, quite a chain of aerodromes is becoming noticeable. Starting from Hatfield, where the de Havilland School has its headquarters, there is Reading, Brooklands, Gatwick, Maidstone, and Gravesend. Closer to London are situated Stag Lane, Heston, Hanworth, Croydon, and Romford. There are Service aerodromes at Hendon, Northolt, Biggin Hill, and Hornchurch, with private grounds owned by manufacturers at Radlett and Harmondsworth. Many more are needed, but it should be noted that there is a regulation restricting development to sites which are not less than five miles from any other flying centre. This is mainly legislation for the future, in order to prevent air congestion, although, even at the present day, pilots making for either of two adjacent aerodromes have to be constantly on the look-out for others flying in the vicinity and at approximately the same altitude. Mr. Miles, who used to be associated with Southern Aircraft at Shoreham, is now designing at Reading in conjunction with the Phillips and Powis organisation. There is much activity with the School and the new light 'plane which is being put on the market at a lower price than any other two-seater.

Sir John Higgins, K.C.B., D.S.O., of the Armstrong-Siddeley Development Group, on the left, with Air-Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, K.C.B., D.S.O., now commanding the Air Defence of Great Britain. Sir Robert took his Royal Aero Club ticket in 1911 and has had longer flying experience than any other serving officer of the R.A.F.

The Eastbourne Rally

FROM June 11th to the 17th, Eastbourne celebrates fifty years of Incorporation by holding a Gala Week, during which an Air Rally will take place at the "A.A." landing-ground on Friday, the 16th. The Mayor and his Corporation will attend the meeting, which is being organised by Captain Rex Stocken. There is to be an Arrival Competition on familiar lines and a Concours d'Elégance for both open touring machines and cabin types. The Rally will be followed in the evening by a party in the town to which all visiting pilots and crews will be invited. The ground at Eastbourne lies about one mile south-west of Hampden Park Station and is almost due north of Beachy Head. A permit to use the field can be obtained by members of the "A.A." at any time on payment of certain fixed charges, which have been arranged with the owner to cover the cost of keeping the field in good condition.

Highland Air Services

REGULAR communication with the Orkney Islands by air is being established this month, a new company having been registered to develop aviation in the north of Scotland. Their first machine is a Monospar, so that twin-engined reliability will be available for the sea crossing of the Pentland Firth. There are to be daily departures from Inverness at 10 a.m. the machine calling at Wick and reaching the Islands at 11.30, after which two return trips will be made to the mainland before the homeward through flight to Inverness at 5 p.m. The fare is £3 for the journey from Inverness to Kirkwall and £1 for the sea crossing from shore to shore. The de Havilland Dragon has distinguished itself by making an observed test flight with one engine completely stopped. Captain Hubert Broad, the firm's test pilot, was in charge and had six passengers with a quantity of ballast on board when he stopped one engine over Southampton deliberately and flew back to London, gaining 300 feet in height on the way. Comment on this remarkable performance should be superfluous; de H. has produced a real winner, a fact which is realised by operators, who are placing large orders.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Right: R. Straker, now recovered from his motor accident, going to the 4th green with F. L. Hird

The Golfing Season Opens

LAST week-end was a very full one in amateur golf, and may be said to have inaugurated the golfing season for this year. There was the actual Foursome match between Sunningdale and Woking, the teams being of eight a-side, a match which is of great importance in the calendars of the respective clubs and one which lasts throughout the week-end. On the Saturday, the Woking players visit Sunningdale, and on the Sunday it is the Sunningdale men who travel. This year, Sunningdale scored a good victory, and, as usual, both sides bristled with great names. If anything, the Woking side had the greater names, but some of the Woking representatives have now spent some years in attaining their great repute, and are, perhaps, not quite such good golfers as they used to be. Sunningdale seized the opportunity and won the match.

THIS form of week-end match between two clubs or societies is now very popular, for these teams are divided into foursome partnerships and throughout the week-end every couple plays every couple of the opposing side. I myself took part in a match of this description at Forest Row, when the Moles were opposed to the Royal Ashdown Forest Club. Here again the Moles were represented by some very eminent personages, but they could not beat the local knowledge of the home team, and lost a close encounter by two points. It was very pleasant to see C. V. L. Hooman once more in action, and to note that he has lost nothing in style and accuracy. It is a great pity that his present intentions do not include many golfing excursions this year, for not only would his friends like his company, but certain of the societies to which he belongs would much appreciate his invaluable playing aid.

Only one couple in this match succeeded in going through the week-end undefeated, and this couple was the combination of F. G. C. Weare and Anthony Coote, who were representing the Royal Ashdown Forest Club. I have always thought that Weare was a very good golfer, but I am more convinced of this than ever now; and, above all things, he is an ideal foursome partner. He is quite long enough off the tee, and very straight, and the way in which he plays his short game looks as if nothing very serious could ever go wrong with it. Weare was a shining light in the Royal Air Force some years ago, and he was the first person to take me into the air. He treated Dale Bourn and myself with the same scant respect on Saturday morning, and he and his partner annihilated us to the tune of six up with five to play. Weare, of course, has been known for some time as one of the stalwarts of the Old Carthusian Golfing Society, and in that team, bristling with eminent golfers, his place is as secure as that of any of the others who, perhaps, are better known in open competition.

(*Continued on page 86*)

Right: A. S. Hoare, A. R. Topping, and T. R. Parry at the 1st tee

"The Antlers of Royal Mid-Surrey" Golf Tournament

R. V. K. Finlay watching an aeroplane circling overhead, and C. Gray, who broke record by going round in 68

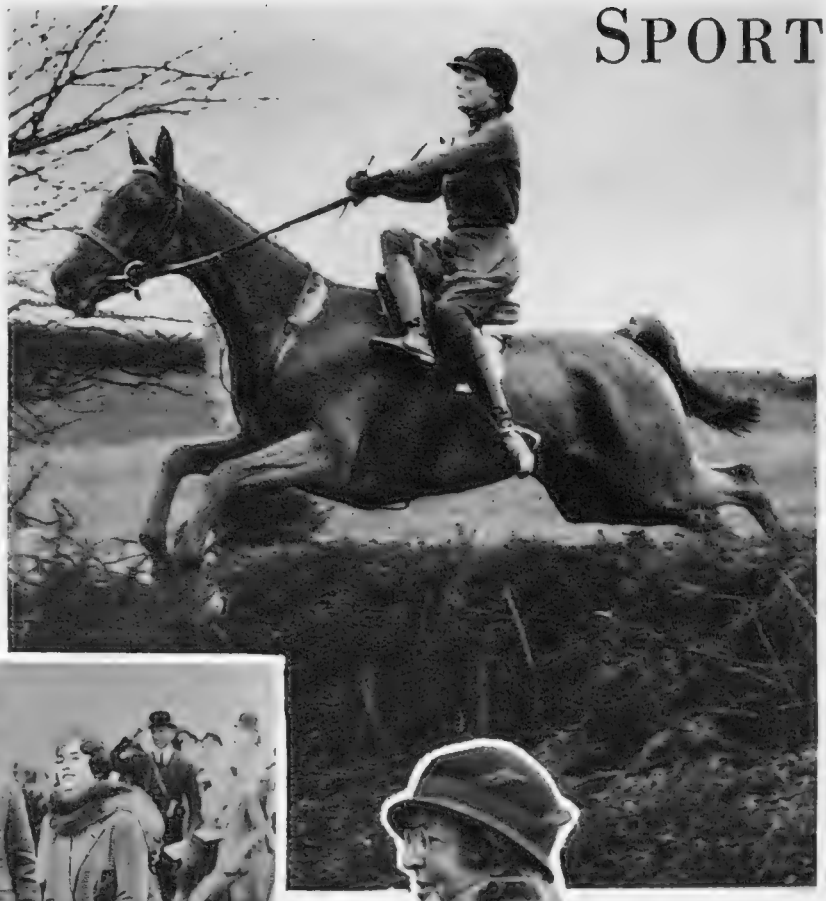
George Adams, fancied to win "The Bystander" Trophy at Felixstowe, and C. V. Longstaffe at the 1st tee

H. W. Harding, A. S. G. Thompson, and E. C. Wheatley at the 1st tee. The "Antlers" prize was not presented, the stag not having yet been shot!

SPORT with

At the moment, I am mainly excited about Hammond's glorious innings of 336, not out, in New Zealand, though by the time you read this his feat will be stale news. Still, there 's no reason why I shouldn't talk about it. When the news first came over the wire, I happened to be in Ireland, and two excited Irishmen made simultaneous comments: "Hammond 's the only truly great batsman in the world to-day," ejaculated one, while the other grunted, "Why doesn't he let himself go like that in the County Championship?"

Well, those struck me as interesting remarks, and, to begin with, I can see what my friend meant when he exclaimed about Hammond's true greatness. Bradman may be more impregnable, Hobbs more flawless, Duleepsinhji more subtle, but in Hammond there is something of the fire of genius. When he is in the mood—and what a temperamental soul he is!—his batting is so majestic that it becomes almost careless. The ball is there, we feel, and Hammond, seeing it the size of a pumpkin, can hit it how he pleases. A grand batsman indeed, though, as my other friend said, I wish he would more often choose to be majestic in County cricket. There is, to my mind, only one other player who has Hammond's particular quality, and that is Frank Woolley, still a very great batsman indeed.



Mrs. G. Earle on Lucksall, a winner at the Middleton Hunt Point-to-Point 'Chases, taking a jump during the Ladies' Adjacent Hunts Race

Capt. and Mrs. Christopher, Mr. Roberts and Miss Ismay at the Tedworth Hunt Steeplechase Meeting at Windmill Hill, further pictures of which will be found on page 61

Left: Mrs. Ambrose Clark, owner of Kellsboro' Jack, the winner of the Grand National, at the Melton Hunt Steeplechases

Below: J. F. Wolfenden, the English goalkeeper, defending against an Irish attack in the Hockey International played at Beckenham and won by the latter by 2 goals to 1

Mrs. Ambrose Clark

Here it is impossible to pass by the death of "Ranji" without a word; "Ranji," the equal of them all, who would have defended his wicket with a walking-stick. What a batsman was this, and how we should have liked to see him tackling the problem of the modern spin-bowler! That he would have tackled it, to the bowler's discomfiture, there is no doubt, though Duleepsinhji has often told me that his uncle could never pick out the wrong 'un when he was watching cricket. And will Ranji's death mean that Duleep himself is lost to English cricket for good, since he may have to take over his uncle's estates in India? An unhappy thought indeed.

I am writing this before the meeting of the Advisory County Cricket Committee, when the sub-committee's report on the allocation of points in the County Championship is to be considered. I gather that we shall still have the cumbrous percentage system of 15 points for a win, 7½ for a tie, and so

the LID OFF: *A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary*

By "Mark Over"

The Grand National Winner

The Hon. Mrs. Hastings with Kellsboro' Jack, at whose stable the horse was trained, photographed at the Melton Hunt Steeplechases at Burton Lazars, where he was shown

Above, left: Francis Ricardo and W. C. Carr and (above, right) H. E. Taylor and C. F. Woodbridge, some of the many competitors in the recent Royal Mid-Surrey "Antlers" Golf Tournament

on, a system which turns the man in the street into a chartered accountant if he hopes to follow the fortunes of his favourite team. The system is apparently necessary because of weaker counties, who cannot play so many as twenty-eight matches; but this, surely, is an argument for relegating some of the counties to a Second Division. County cricket is in a very serious plight, and desperate

A Record Breaker

Walter Hammond, the Gloucestershire cricketer, who beat Don Bradman's Test Match record by two runs when scoring 336, not out, against New Zealand

remedies are essential. One remedy is the simplification of the Championship, and the adoption of a clear-cut system of scoring which will intensify the general interest.

Time is short now: in less than three weeks, the season proper opens, and there are many County committees who view the coming summer with considerable apprehension. But if committees are careworn, players will have to be care-free, and really play as if they were out to enjoy themselves and make some runs, or the game will assuredly perish.

I SEE that the President of the Blues Committee at Oxford has just issued his list of sports for which Blues and half-Blues are awarded, and an odd list it is in some ways. I cannot, for the life of me, see, for example, why games like lawn tennis and rackets should be considered worth a full Blue, when boxing is only ranked as a half. Boxing, after all, is a man's game—I 'm sorry if that sounds like Ethel M. Dell, but you know what I mean—whereas I 'm still old-fashioned enough to think lawn tennis and rackets vaguely effeminate. And are squash rackets and ice-hockey really worth half-Blues? Anyway, I 'm glad that golf is still firmly relegated to the half-Blue class; it will be a sad day for Oxford when the golfing boys are promoted. I must say that if I were a Mussolini at Oxford I should restrict full Blues to cricket, rowing, football (both codes), and athletics (first string and cross-country), with the addition of boxing. The half-Blues should be tennis (real and lawn), rackets, athletics (second strings) and swimming (first string). As for the other pastimes, they could be played in a suitable obscurity.

ONE final word: I note that the British Boxing Board of Control are suggesting that a new rule should be framed to compel all boxers to wear a foul-protector. This, of course, is a step towards the American "no-foul" rule, and it will be a monstrous thing, in my opinion, if it is introduced into British boxing. The sport is degraded enough already without innovations of this kind, and what we need is not foul-protectors but more efficient referees.

The Doggy World

Miss Joy du Pre and some of her lovely Samoyeds; she breeds these dogs and has taken numerous prizes with them. She is the daughter of Col. and Mrs. du Pre, of Wilton Park, and a sister of Lady Churston

His Easter Outing

By Lady Kitty Ritson

I THINK that Easter is the best holiday of the year, perhaps because it is the first out-of-door holiday, and this year it comes at a particularly delightful time, when all the tassels of the palms are fluffy and yellow and the fruit-blossoms enamel the orchards.

Everybody will be spending it in the fields and on the downs (always provided this weather continues), and if it is wet, there are cinemas, skating-rinks and theatres, so we shall all amuse ourselves somehow. But I sometimes think that the dog comes off second best in the matter of an Easter treat, and I do hope that you will all try to do what you can for him. I must say that most people with cars do enjoy taking the dog out with them, and there can be no greater treat for a town dog than a run on the sweet, short turf of the downs or a wild hunt after rabbits in the forests.

But don't let him hang out of the window, if it is a closed car, for the draught is not good for his eyes. If it is an open car, and he is travelling in the dickey, be very careful that (a) he is tied so that he cannot fall out, and (b) that he is not too tightly tied. I once raced madly behind a small car where the dog had fallen over the side and was hanging suspended by the lead. Not only I, but other people shouted and gesticulated, and, luckily, we were in time to prevent the dog being strangled, but it was entirely owing to carelessness on the part of the owners. If you have a clever dog, I would rather that he were left loose in the dickey, as dogs have a good sense of balance and are capable of looking after themselves.

WHEN you are coming home, late in the evening, provide a coat for the dog. Remember that it is not natural for him to be rushing through the air, and he may well catch a chill. It is so easy to slip on a jacket (you can make them up at home in an hour), and it will obviate all danger.

When you reach home, take the trouble to wash out the dog's eyes with a boracic lotion (warm), and then his Easter holiday will not leave him with a heritage of sore eyes.

I MUST confess that it is rather a problem what to do with a dog that is car-sick, for it takes away a lot of one's own pleasure (I don't believe the dog minds much). A vet. can give you something to stop car-sickness, but I do hate drugging dogs. If you are not very crowded in the car, you can take out the back seat, put down a sack of straw and some newspapers, and trouble no further, but if it is a "family" car, which has to hold the children and the luncheon, the problem becomes acute. In that case, I suppose it is better to have recourse to a little harmless "dope," for it is too dreadful to leave the dog behind when everybody is rushing off to enjoy a holiday.

THERE is a harrowing Easter story about me and Alfred, the latter being so sick that I was sick, too, and a passing motorist who saw us both lying on the grass stopped to help and was overcome himself!

But I will spare you the details.

Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

I WENT to the White City the other night, and I took, as my guest, a Frenchman who is a great friend of mine and who had not previously ever attended a greyhound racing meeting. I was interested in his reactions to all that he saw, for it is only by getting new people, preferably those who have not previously been to a greyhound racing meeting (and these are now very few and far between, and difficult to find) that a fresh perspective may be obtained on the various arrangements which have been made on all the tracks. My French friend started the evening with a lively interest, which frankly developed into an enthusiasm for the sport. He told me that, did he live in London, he would certainly join the White City Club and attend many of the meetings there; and I think I am right in saying that he implied that he would also become the owner of dogs which he could then see racing under his own name.

In passing, I would like to point out that this is a curious result of getting bitten by the greyhound-racing flea—if such a thing is ever to be found anywhere near one of our racing dogs. Everyone who goes and likes it—and there are but few who do not—always feels that he would like to have his own dogs. I have dealt with the cost of owning dogs oneself fairly recently on this page, so I will not repeat myself now, except to reiterate that, after the initial purchase of the dog, it is not an expensive business. And the initial purchase is, after all, only what anybody may care to make it, for a good dog, capable of winning quite enough to keep it, if not a great deal more in stake money alone, can be bought for something in the neighbourhood of fifty pounds—and, in fact, there have been cases of classic winners which have cost a great deal less. Nowadays these bargains are, perhaps, a little more difficult to come across, since the prizes which may be won are so enormous, and the amounts have become so much better known, with the result that people are prepared to take more of a chance than they used to be when they were not so certain how much the return could be if all went well.

Greyhound puppies playing in the fields at Northaw with their keeper. This lot are all entered for the British National Produce Stakes, which will be run next October at the White City

BUT to return to my French friend and our evening at the White City, I was very interested to notice how quickly he picked up the finer points of the racing, how quickly he realised that the fastest dog might not always win a race if it were put against a clever dog which knew its business, and which clung to the rails throughout the distance, waiting to seize upon any chance which might be offered by wide running on the part of its opponents. My friend was particularly enthusiastic over the hurdle races, which is not surprising, for I defy anyone to show me a better sight than that of a greyhound going full speed over the hurdles. Next to that, I think he liked best the long race which terminated the programme, and he is right there, for this distance undoubtedly gives an added chance to the clever dog over its more rapid rival. But all through he enjoyed himself, and his conclusions, which I have stated earlier in this article, were very gratifying. They merely confirmed me in my own enthusiasm for the sport.

One of the loveliest jewels strung on the silver thread of the Rhine—the ancient and historic town of Mainz. The photograph here shows a view, from the river, of the Cathedral and part of the town

The Editor's Box

Making Music

A new appointment at the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth, is that of Mr. John Tapponier, who is to form and conduct his own special band combination for orchestral and dance music. He goes to Bournemouth from the Palace Theatre, where he has been the leader of the orchestra, and he has also played at the Savoy, the Carlton, and the Hyde Park Hotels.

His new band is resident in the hotel, and plays daily both classic and dance music. The dance band, which at weekends is at its full strength of seven players, is one of the best in England: its syncopation and harmony are exceptional. Listeners can hardly bear not to dance when it is playing, so insidious is the rhythm it achieves.

The quality of the playing of classic music is also exceptional, and Londoners, in their usual narrow-minded way, are amazed to find a standard so high outside their "home town."

For the Man With a Pipe

A new luxury tobacco has recently been put on the market by John Player and Sons, of Nottingham, which every pipe-smoker ought to know about. It is the "Airman" Navy Cut de Luxe, a navy cut tobacco ready for the pipe, and wrapped in British-made moisture-proof packing which fully preserves its excellent quality. It costs 11d. an ounce, and is on sale everywhere.

A Spring Suit

These fine spring days make every woman—and most men—eye their wardrobes with doubt and dislike, and the woman golfer, though made of stern stuff, is no exception to the rule. This year she doesn't have to look far for her new outfit or spend precious hours hovering between this and that. The new golfings outfit planned and produced by Andersons', of Bristol, is the answer to her questions; it is the golfing woman's dream come true, as regards comfort, neatness and up-to-the-last-moment style. Not even the strain of taking three to get out of a bunker will disturb the set of the jacket, and the first tee and the last are all the same to anyone who has chosen one of the models which are now being shown at all the West-End stores.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON APRIL

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

Address.....

.....

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

LIGHT ENTRÉES

Croustades

CUT a slice of bread two inches thick off a stale loaf, stamp out rounds with a pastry-cutter, and again stamp these rounds with a smaller cutter to within half an inch of the base; turn the cutter round two or three times so that the crumb in the middle can easily be removed, then fry in plenty of hot fat till of a golden colour; turn the cases upside down, on paper, and dry them in the oven before using.

Cassolettes Meringues

AFTER having fried the croustades a delicate golden colour, brush the tops with a little warm butter, and then dip them into minced parsley and coralline pepper. Meanwhile, cut up the remains of any cold cooked chicken or meat (veal will do excellently) into very small pieces, and heat these in any good thick sauce, white or brown, according to the meat you use, fill up the cases with this, and pile up on each, stiffly-whipped white of egg, sprinkling this with a little minced parsley, grated cheese, pepper and salt. Then put them in the oven long enough to stiffen the egg, but not to colour it.

Soufflé de Poulet

POUND the white meat of a boiled chicken (about 3 oz.) as fine as possible, and mix with it half a pint of milk, three well-beaten eggs, a little braised onion, pepper, salt, a pinch of cayenne and mace. Put the whole into a well-buttered mould, tie it down with a cloth, steam it like an ordinary custard pudding. It should be kept quite upright, and when turned out on the dish, pour some well-seasoned brown gravy round. Use button mushrooms or minced truffles in mixing the pudding. Rabbits or sweetbreads may be used instead of chicken.

Côtelettes de Veau aux Tomates

REMOVE the chine bone from the best end of veal, and let the meat simmer till tender. Place it until cold between two boards, remove all fat, cut the cutlets with a sharp knife, and scrape the bones. Coat each cutlet with mayonnaise and tomato sauce alternately. Place them down the centre of a silver entrée dish, and garnish with salad.

Vol-au-vent de Poisson

TAKE any remains of cold boiled fish, cod, halibut, or turbot, free it from skin and bone, and flake it finely; mix it until moist with a thick white sauce, and add some picked shrimps, or a small tin of the latter. Mix thoroughly, and put in a pan on the fire. Heat it to nearly boiling point, then take it off. Have ready a pastry vol-au-vent case, fill it with the fish, and serve very hot.

Homard à la Diable (a savoury)

TAKE the meat from a lobster and sprinkle with a little cayenne pepper; chop it small, then add a dessertspoonful of chutney, a little melted butter, and one tomato cut up small. These must be stewed over the fire, stirring till boiling, and adding a little made mustard. Have ready some croûtons of fried bread, put some of the devilled lobster on each, and sprinkle over it a little chopped parsley.

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COMPETITIONS

Fifteen spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. handicap division every winter month for the best net scores relative to the L.G.U. scratch scores of the courses played on. From April to September, inclusive, thirty spoons are given in each division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

MARCH RESULTS

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handicap.	Net Score.	Scratch of Course	Strokes above or below S. S.
Mrs. Valpy French	Exmouth	84	18	66	71	5 below
Mrs. Woollam	Sandy Lodge	80	9	71	75	4 "
Miss P. Handley	Huddersfield	91	18	73	77	4 "
Mrs. Dobson	Harrogate	80	9	71	74	3 "
Mrs. E. Williams	Sale	86	16	70	73	3 "
Mrs. Middleton	Beeston Fields	77	5	72	74	2 "
Mrs. Stewart	Wilmslow	82	12	70	72	2 "
Mrs. Withington	Camberley Heath	87	13	74	75	1 "
Miss Shipman	Bowdon	90	14	76	77	1 "
Miss A. Ramsden	Roehampton	81	6	75	75	equal
Mrs. Edmunds	Chesterfield	88	10	78	78	"
Mrs. Reid Kay	Royal Calcutta	88	10	78	78	"
Miss E. Cook	Huyton	88	15	73	73	"
Miss V. Colton Beckett	Hillside	89	15	74	74	"
Miss. M Fenwick	Sherwood Forest	94	18	76	76	equal

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Miss Meg Gold	Royal Calcutta	93	28	65	73	8 below
Miss K. Whitfield	Gt. Yarmouth and Caister	97	30	67	74	7 "
Mrs. G. S. G. Vernon	Royal Calcutta	97	30	67	73	6 "
Mrs. D. W. Daniels	Sherwood Forest	90	19	71	76	5 "
Mrs. H. S. Sleigh	Denton	99	33	66	71	5 "
Miss V. Everett	North Hants	94	23	71	75	4 "
Miss J. Wilkinson	Stockport	99	27	72	76	4 "
Mrs. Percy Ross	Ringway	90	19	71	73	2 "
Mrs. N. Worship	Gt. Yarmouth and Caister	92	21	71	74	3 "
Mrs. G. Wardrop	Royal Calcutta	96	26	70	73	3 "
Miss Watson Smythe	Camberley Heath	101	29	72	75	3 "
Miss M. Farrar	Bowdon	106	32	74	77	3 "
Mrs. H. H. Hill	Sandwell Park	104	34	70	73	3 "
Mrs. L. Whitefoord	La Moye	87	19	68	70	2 "
Mrs. A. J. May	Royal Calcutta	92	21	71	73	2 "

HOLES IN ONE

"The Bystander," in accordance with the new ruling of the R. and A., has discontinued any award for players holing in one.

Presenting the

Anderson Ensemble

High grade fashion houses and sports outfitters are now displaying this new season's golfing ensemble which combines smart modern correctness with perfect ease and freedom.

Jacket of selected suede skins, amply cut, pleated neatly into belt line. 'Zipp' fastener. The belt is three-quarter attached, so that when fastened, the jacket fits firmly round the waist without pucker, while close-fitting basque prevents irksome riding up. Skirt of best West of England Tweed, finely tailored to preserve a graceful line. British made by Andersons'—makers of fine waterpoofs since 1850. In a variety of toning colours.

Sizes: Jackets — 24 ins. long; 34 ins., 36 ins. and 38 ins. bust. Skirts—33 ins. long; 28 ins., 30 ins. and 32 ins. waist - - - 5GNS

Made with that little extra care by

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Obtainable from most high grade fashion houses and sports outfitters—or, if any difficulty, write direct to Andersons' Rubber Company, Ltd., Bristol. A.1

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf *(Continued from page 81)*

THERE was one great victory during the week-end which, in view of the respective handicaps of the players on each side, deserves a mention all to itself. That victory was gained for the club by Trevor Arnott and Francis Lowe, who cannot be said to have previously been considered in the same class as J. H. S. Cannon and J. H. Thompson, playing for the Moles. Yet the fact remains that they fairly and squarely beat them to the undisguised, if unflattering, surprise of most of the others of both sides who were playing in the match. Arnott is better known as a cricketer than he is as a golfer; he wields a club, however, with a very true, if somewhat curtailed, swing, and there is nothing very much wrong with his short game. Should he care to apply himself to the game of golf, I should think that a second victory over the same couple would be considered as less of a surprise in a year or two's time.

THERE was yet a third important event during the week-end, and that was the first competition for a new event started by the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club. This is timed to take place a week before the Halford Hewitt Cup at Deal, and takes the form of thirty-six holes of stroke play between foursome partnerships, the idea being, perhaps, to give a little practice to those who are to play together for their schools just a week later. Actually, although a few school partnerships did enter, most of the entry was composed of individuals who wished to play together, irrespective of where they had been educated, and I understand that the competition was a great success. It was won by T. F. B. Law (West Hill) and P. W. L. Risdon (Coombe Hill), with a score of 147 for the two rounds. This pair came in with a lead of five strokes at luncheon owing to an amazingly good round of seventy, which is, perhaps, even more startling, as a score for a foursome, than it would be if either had individually accomplished it. In the afternoon, they played well to reach the turn in level fours, and steadily for the remainder of the round, when they must have felt that they were in a winning position. Other partnerships did well also, and the special prize, which was offered for a partnership composed of two members of the same Old Boys' Golfing Society, was won by a very eminent couple of Old Westminsters. These were the brothers Hartley, who, with a total of 155, won this special prize, but could only take fifth place for the Antlers. Second place in that competition was occupied by Douglas Grant (Royal Mid-Surrey) and A. S. Bradshaw (Stoke Poges), who were five strokes behind the winners.

ONE concluding remark: I notice that Cyril Tolley is back from America, and I read that he proposes to take part in the championships this year: that is very good news, and added strength against any possible invasion. I see also that he is reputed to have said that eighteen holes are not enough for championship matches; that he would like to see a qualifying round of medal play and thirty-six hole matches. Comment, I think, is needless, in view of articles recently published in THE BYSTANDER. But it is fun to be supported by so eminent a personage.

Douglas Grant and A. S. Bradshaw starting off in the Antlers of Royal Mid-Surrey Foursomes; they returned a score of 75+77=152, which took them to second place

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GOOD COMPANIONS—FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Face Creams and Other Toilet Accessories which Possess the Cleansing, Whitening, and Vitalising Properties of Fresh Lemons.

ONCE more the claims to beauty of the complexions of women of every race have been put to the vote, and again Englishwomen, "with their white and blush-rose" colouring, have been declared to take precedence, and Irishwomen, "more exotic and ethereally complexioned," come second.

Fashions in complexions change. The last year has witnessed emergence from the sun-tan phase, when those who had not actually acquired natural bronze by means of exposure to actinic rays, simulated it by means of cosmetics. In the matter of make-up there is a revival of "natural" effects (with the exception of lips, which, to the despair of artists, remain fiercely and defiantly incarnadined!). The majority of this year's débutantes are, so far, innocent of cosmetics, and their radiant complexions are a delight to the eye and a refreshment to the æsthetic soul. And whatever ephemeral fashion may decree, the universal ideal of the perfect complexion will always be the fair, "snow-white and rose-red" which has come to be regarded as essentially English.

THIS type of loveliness cannot be artificially produced. The use of light-coloured powders and pink rouges on dark, sallow, or coarse skins creates no sort of illusion of the radiance of a fine, fair complexion. English girls and women should not abjure their birthright, and should do all in their power to preserve or regain the fairness and vitality which distinguishes them.

The properties of fresh lemons are particularly useful in the conservation of the colouring and texture of the skin, since they cleanse and whiten and at the same time revitalise the tissues and refine the surface of the epidermis. Lemons figure in many an "old-fashioned" toilet recipe, which may account, in part, for the survival of the English complexion: but it has been left to modern science to incorporate all the beneficial elements, as well as the fragrance, of the fresh fruit in toilet creams of absolute purity, thereby making the application of their benefits easy and pleasant, with the additional advantage of the emollient action desirable when change of temperature, winds, and hard water have to be combated.

BRONNLEY'S have long been celebrated for the quality and purity of their soaps, and their new face creams made with lemons, one for day and one for night, maintain their high standards and are really delicious and efficacious aids to beauty.

After cleansing the face, the lemon night cream should be massaged into the skin with light upward and outward strokes of the finger-tips. A very short time will suffice to show the excellent results: the complexion becomes perceptibly fairer, firmer, and finer in texture. The day cream is made on exactly the same principles, and is whitening as well as protective.

BRONNLEY'S also make an excellent soap, with the same lemon basis, which can be used when ordinary soaps might not be tolerated by delicate skins, and which assists the action of the lemon cream. Their lemon bath salts are refreshing and invigorating, and the combined use of these companionate, lemonised beauty products constitute a beneficial *toilet de luxe*, although none of them is expensive and, together with Bronnley's other toilet accessories, can be obtained from any high-class stores, perfumers, or chemists.

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Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient, because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It 's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

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NCC136

Hear Their Cry! Four Appeals to the Generous-Hearted

The National Godfather

Is cruelty to children a thing of the past? Quite a number of people appear to think so, but the reports of the N.S.P.C.C. prove that the need for its work is as necessary as ever. On an average, FOUR little children every FIVE minutes are being helped to happier lives. While often this cruelty is wilful, much misery is being caused to defenceless childhood by mere callous neglect and indifference, whilst poverty and ignorance are other contributory causes.

The Society's efforts to give joy instead of misery—happiness instead of degradation and ruin—have well earned for it the title of "The National Godfather." Throughout England, Wales and Ireland, 260 "Children's Men" are protecting little ones' interest. Full details of the work may be obtained from Wm. J. Elliott, Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2, who will be glad to receive any gift for its maintenance.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES have received 113,000 children, of which over 30,500 have become useful citizens of the Empire overseas. The Society's many branches work ceaselessly in the task of training these destitute children to follow various trades and callings by which they can eventually earn their livings. The expenses are overwhelming. Some faint idea can be gained when we are told that 24,000 meals have to be provided every day. And, as five children, on an average, are added to this great family every day, there is no slackening possible. The small sum of 10s. will feed a child for ten days, and £100 will rescue three children and maintain them for a year. For £500, a bed will be endowed for a healthy child. A brass plate will be affixed and particulars of the occupant sent to the donor. A cheque sent to the Rt. Hon. Lord Ebbisham, at Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 10, Stepney Causeway, E.1, will bring immense happiness into some small life.

The Cancer Hospital

To turn now to adults, who are particularly deserving of pity and help at Eastertime, our readers will agree that the worst enemy to health, attacking, unexpectedly, people in every sphere of life, is cancer; and the most brilliant medical brains are continually battling with this dread disease. A new radiological department has been added to the Cancer Hospital (Free) in Fulham Road. This new wing has also accommodation for patients who can contribute a certain amount towards their expenses, an entirely new provision, for which the need has been felt for many years. The Hospital has a splendid record, not only of devoted healing and nursing work, but in the vitally important service of cancer research, in which such surprising discoveries are continually being made. The Hospital has extensive plans for making radium treatment available to the poorest; and we heartily commend to our readers' generosity the appeal now being made for £79,000 to pay off the outstanding cost of the new wing.

The Shaftesbury Homes and "Arethusa" Training Ship

TWENTY thousand pounds are still urgently needed for the new "Arethusa" Training Ship, to complete the cost of purchase, alterations, equipment, new shore frontage, etc. The old "Arethusa" Training Ship had the splendid record of training 10,000 poor boys for the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine. A particularly earnest appeal is made to readers to send donations so that this fine work of training poor boys for the two Sea Services may be carried on. All contributions will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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8,436
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